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Floating.

Hand in hand, on the river of time,
We go floating down together;
Soft are the blue skies above our heads,
Balmy the spring time weather.

Brightly the waters reflect the sun,
As we glide in dreamy splendor;
Softly the breezes fill our sails,
Murmuring low and tender.

Sweet are the bird songs upon the shores—
Enchanting the scene around us;
With noiseless feet steal the moments by
Since Cupid, the love god, crowned us.

Oh, do you think, in the after years,
With the glory of youth departed,
We then shall stand still hand in hand,
And heart to heart, as we started?

The Policeman's Story.

A TEMPERANCE FLEA.

I am a policeman 12,004;
Been on the force for years a score.
Lots of stories I have to tell,
Queer, sad, terrible, funny, and—well,
I'll stop to tell you a little thing
That happened a year ago last spring:

Weary, but watchful, I paced my beat,
Up and down thro' a well-known street,
When, a block away, I saw a throng,
And hasten'd to see what was wrong.
There I found a wee, wee girl,
Dainty and pretty, fair hair in curl.
Weeping, her hands in air she toss'd,
Crying: "Oh, mamma, Oh, papa, I's lost!"
One moment she wept, another she smiled,
And I thought of my own pet darling child
At home, and safe in her mother's arms;
So I tried to quiet this one's alarms;
And first her sunny head I caress'd,
Then lifted her up to my beating breast,
And carried her, sobbing, sweet little fay,
To the station house, only two blocks away.

Captain Caffry was then in command,
He took the lost baby girl by the hand,
And, sitting her up on the desk by his side,
Pleasantly talked till no longer she cried,
But dried up her tears, and soon, smiling and gay,
Was earnestly lisping and prattling away;
And told of her beautiful mamma, her joys,
Her big bearded papa, her home and her toys;
How she heard a wandering German band play,
And, listening, followed them on their way;
Stopp'd when they stopp'd, and cross'd when they cross'd,
Grew tired, cried for home, and then found she was lost.

The door of the station house open'd just then,
Admitting a "drunk" between two of our men;
Not dirty and ragged, and spoiling for fight,
But what you might term a "respectable tight,"
Led up to the desk he just lifted his eyes,
Started back, nearly fell, with a cry of surprise,
Of terror, of shame: "My Grace! Can it be?"
The instant had made him as sober as she.
"My papa! Dear papa!" They kiss'd and caress'd,
Both weeping, as she nestled close to his breast.
"Quite a scene!" said the captain, his face in a glow;
"I think you've been punished enough. You may go!"
The father bowed low—the little one smiled—
And he pass'd through the door in the care of his child.
Do you know that I feel that he made a great vow
Just then, against liquor, and 'tis unbroken now!

LITTLE RUNEE.

I was cutting wood in the backyard one November day, when, as I stopped a moment to relieve my arms from the unusual strain upon them, I became aware of a lady coming up the path from the woods. She was very near me before I saw her. A glance had told me she was not one of the villagers. The soft warm colored shawl she wore was wrapped round her more gracefully than any one could have worn it in our village. The intangible something that accompanies the lady, revealed her as such to me—and she was the first lady I had ever seen.

"I believe I have lost my way," she said, "will you tell me where Deacon Thaxton's is?"

I looked in her face as she spoke, to see eyes and mouth as sweet as her voice. Her accent was courteous, but reserved. I dropped my ax, feeling all at once very sensible that my rough green jacket and battered cap were not at all becoming to me.

"If you will come into the road here, I can show you the way better," I said, wishing that my college learning had polished my address as much as it had disciplined my mind.

She followed me down the path, saying as she went:

"I am an entire stranger here; I am staying at Mr. Thaxton's and I wandered off, and got lost in the woods. At one time I thought I had the prospect of a night there. Everything is very strange here."

She spoke with an apparent freedom different from the usual address of New England women. I wondered at it; her features were entirely American, but her complexion had that peculiar dark pallidity that seems the effect of some southern clime.

"If everything is strange," I ventured to say, "you will find a New England winter forbidding. Shall you dare it?"

"Yes, but I am afraid of it."

Though she talked, she posses ed the power that made me feel at as great a distance as though she had not spoken a word. I pointed out the way, told her of the corners that lay in the two miles between our house and Deacon Thaxton's. Then as she walked on, I allowed myself to watch her for a moment

In that elegant form with its sweeping drapery, its graceful poise of head, I recognized the woman of whom I had so often dreamed, but in my seclusion I had never before seen. I went back to wood-cutting with the memory of that face and voice diffusing a glow over my thoughts that was as strange as it was enchanting.

I do not know why I did not mention the lady at the supper-table that night, but I did not. After supper Jane Dunlap, a maiden of fifty, came in with her knitting. There had never yet been a time, since she had reached mature years, that she did not know the full particulars of the minutest event that transpired. I waited patiently. Very soon I was rewarded.

"Have you seen that new girl over to Deacon Thaxton's?" she asked of my mother.

My mother looked up interested. "Why, no. Who is she?"

"You remember the deacon's wife had a brother, who has been a merchant in Calcutta these years and years. Two years ago he buried his wife there; and now he has come on home with his only child. She has come out to stay awhile with her aunt. She was born in India, and though she is very polite and well-behaved, you'd see in a minute that she doesn't appear just like people here".

Miss Dunlap paused. I fully agreed with her last sentence. I wanted my mother to ask questions, for I was not going to look up from my book or become interested at all.

"Let me see," said my mother, "I have forgotten what Deacon Thaxton's wife's name was. She was handsome in her day, I remember—and she is sort of smart looking now, I think."

"She looks well enough, but she is mighty proud—unbecoming in a deacon's wife. Her name was Grace—Martha Grace; you know Thaxton was most crazy after her."

Miss Dunlap paused, and looked into the fire. I thought I knew she had a spite against the deacon for being bewitched by Martha Grace, when she herself was in the bloom of youth. She commenced knitting and talking.

"This girl's father is in Boston about some business, and she is going to stay here this winter. I should think it would kill her, after that climate. They've given her the strangest name; it's been running over in my head ever since I heard it—Runee, Runee Grace."

A week after that, as I was carrying my mother up to the village, she wished me to stop, and leave her a while at Deacon Thaxton's; she had not called there in a long time, and she owned she was a little curious to see Mrs. Thaxton's niece. Would I go in with her?

The very question gave me a tremor of fear and delight. No, I would not go in—I would stop for her when I came back. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the pale attractive face through the window, as I drove away. It did not leave me once during the time that I traded at the store, and with the farmers. When I stopped my horse at Thaxton's gate, the front door was instantly opened, for my mother had been watching for me. She came out, and Miss Grace followed her down the pathway. She had hastily thrown a thick wrap of Mrs. Thaxton's over her shoulders, and she shivered as she leaned on the gate. I thought her more beautiful than ever, and my heart beat heavily as she extended her hand to me, and said to my mother, who was waiting for me to help her into the carriage.

"You did not know that I had seen your son before, Mrs. Lyons. He once guided me through the unknown wilderness that lies between your house and this. If I didn't thank you at the time, Mr. Lyons, I was none the less grateful."

I stood like the witless dunce I was, not knowing what to say; I was too vividly conscious of the touch of those fingers to have had even my usual self-possession at my command. My mother relieved me by speaking.

"Indeed, I did not know he had seen you—he had never mentioned you to me; and in such a little village as this we are always interested in new comers."

She laughed.

"That is unfortunate; I am to suppose that I was not of sufficient importance to be mentioned."

My mother was now in the carriage. I turned and said:

"To tell the truth, Miss Grace, I was almost sure that I dreamed I saw you coming down that path from the woods. I did not think of telling our meeting for a fact, no more than I should have thought of relating as such a vision of the night."

"Am I, then, very ghostly?" she asked.

"Not ghostly; a vision is not necessarily a ghost. I am happy to be convinced that you are tangible and will not fade away, so that I may hope for another meeting."

She smiled sweetly, not distantly.

"I am so tangible that I think of transforming myself into a Yankee girl. Can I tell you anything more practical than that?"

"No; that satisfies me. Now I may hope to see you again."

I bowed and drove away.

The days of that last autumn month ran rapidly on. I went to the little social gatherings, the lectures, the singing schools, because Miss Grace, true to her promise of becoming a Yankee girl, went to them. At first I stood somewhat aloof; bolder young men talked with her more than I did. She was a great favorite with all; even the girls liked her. The sudden flashes of unique simplicity charmed them, and dissipated envy. Evening after evening I had seen one handsome young fellow monopolize her attention and walk home with her. The fact actually made me morose.

One night I managed to sit beside her at a singing school. The cold night air had given a soft, warm blush to her face. I had thought that I liked her paller better than any color, but the color made her brilliant. Two or three drooping leaves of geranium were in the braids of her hair. That perfume ever after brought her to my mind more vividly than anything else could do. I seemed gifted with a power to move and act my natural self, and I allowed no one else to approach her that night. As we walked home beneath the glinting light of the stars, I noticed that she had become almost silent. Did my presence oppress and bore her? It was too cruel to believe.

"I hope I am not defrauding Harlowe of any right you have given him, by thus taking possession of you," I said, at last.

She looked up; her eyes smiled.

'If I had given him a right, you could not defraud him of it," she said.

"Then it is not his presence that you regret," I said, for my mouth in my joy was as I spoke. "You are lonely, homesick, perhaps, for the warm land of your birth. Do you find cold hearts in this cold clime of ours?"

"The hearts are warm, I believe, Mr. Lyons; but sometimes it seems as though I were transported into some frozen region, some place where there is nothing akin to me, and I shiver with undefinable fear. That is foolish, I know."

We had reached the gate where I must leave her. I retained the hand in close clasp.

"Oh, do not say there is nothing akin to you here. That leaves me in the land of strangers; I cannot bear that.

The earnestness with which I spoke called a color to her cheeks that had so lately paled.

"Recall that sentence," I pleaded.

"Do you really wish it?" she asked.

"Yes; it is exile for me."

She withdrew her hand from mine, but she spoke softly:

"I recall it."

I knew that I ought to go, but still I lingered.

"Mrs. Thaxton said that you were going to M. to-morrow. May I take you in my cutter?"

How I feared lest she should refuse that simple request! But she did not, and I walked home elated with the prospect of a prolonged *tete-a-tete* with her.

"Aren't you going to work this afternoon?" my mother asked, as I came down in my best clothes instead of my working suit.

"I am going to carry Miss Grace over to M.," I said.

I feared some dampening remark. It came.

"Miss Grace is very kind to the young men."

"Is she?"

"Have you heard whether that report about her having a lover in Boston was true or not?" she asked.

"No, I have not."

I went out, shutting the door with violence. Now I half wished I was not going to ride with Miss Grace, I felt sufficient bitterness to make me wretched all the afternoon. Banishing with an effort the gloom from my face, I greeted Miss Grace in my usual manner, only somewhat more constrained. But the quiet geniality, the sweet grace of her appearance charmed away my reserve. For these few hours, at least, I would be happy.

The air had been growing colder and colder—the snow creaked under the sleigh; but after an hour's sitting by the warm fireside of our friends in M., and an addition of extra wraps, we started home with no fear of cold.

A gray vapor was rising in the west, and gradually overspreading the sky; a biting wind from the northeast swept over the road, cold and merciless. It was only for my companion I feared; for myself, I was familiar with the fierce cold of our winters.

"Call all your fortitude, all your endurance, Miss Grace," I said, "for to a child of the sunny East this must be almost unendurable."

"If I were only warm, she replied, in a smothered voice from under her mufflings, "I should think this grand. You see it's beginning to snow, and a snow storm is still a novelty to me."

Night and the storm came on apace. My horse began to lag through the thick coming snow. We had reached that part of our journey where there were no houses. Lonely pasture lands or woods stretched away on either side. The cold was intense. I began to fear it myself, and felt it, too, accustomed as I was to its intensity. Miss Grace had been silent for a long time. I bent toward her. She raised her eyes to mine.

"I feared you might be feeling the effects of this cold," I said. "How does it affect you?"

"Very strangely," she said, slowly, in a low voice. "It is harder to bear than I thought; but I don't suffer so much as I did."

Her words pierced my heart like a knife. I threw my arm about her; I drew her close to me.

"Miss Grace, rouse yourself! Oh, for God's sake, do not yield to that feeling of rest and peace that is coming to you! It is death. Throw it from you!"

Her head sank on my shoulder; her breath sighed over my face, and thrilled me even then.

"Oh, it is sweet! Let me sleep!" she murmured.

"It is the sleep of death!" I said, with my soul in my voice. "As you love life, as you value the happiness of those who love you, rouse yourself. Stand up in the sleigh, stamp your feet, swing your arms. Do not keep still."

She obeyed me; the first moment caused an exclamation of pain, but for a moment I would not let her desist. She sat down.

"Mr. Lyons." Her voice was faint and low. I bent my head to hear. "Unless we can reach shelter soon, I shall be obliged to yield. It is really beyond my endurance."

I could not speak; my heart was weeping tears of blood. I could have offered her the libation of my life, could have mitigated the agony I knew she was suffering. I remembered the log cabin of a wood-cutter and his wife. I had seen it perched upon the side of one of those hills. I had watched for it ever since having cut rest upon the deserted road. I knew that unless a light burned within I could not find it; even then it might be doubtful. I thought that, notwithstanding my efforts, which I did not for one instant remit, if I did not soon find shelter, Miss Grace would yield to the cold fiend that sought her. Her vigorous will could not long sustain the attacks upon a frame always unused to cold.

My straining eyes were at last rewarded by the faint glimmer of a light through the storm. Fiercely, impatiently, I urged my tired horse up to the door. With Miss Grace in my arms I tried to enter. At first the inmates were startled by my imperative summons, but in a moment they unbarred the door, revealing the ruddy glow of the fire within. Motionless, senseless, I laid Runee on the wooden settle, where the yellow light played over her ice-cold face.

The woman who had welcomed us understood the treatment needed to restore animation to the almost pulseless form. She had a fire built in the inner room, and took Runee there. All night she watched, and worked, and when morning came, the smile in the languid eyes of her patient would have rewarded hours of even greater anxiety.

Early in the morning I rode home, to tell the story to the fearing ones, who had waited through the dark hours for us.

Two or three months after the fearful night, I stood alone with Runee in the little parlor at Deacon Thaxton's. I stood holding her hands in mine, looking down at eyes that shown sweet and humid through tears which were not of sorrow.

"And the absent lover is a myth," I said.

"Yes, and always was."

"But the present one"—

"You know; I have told you; the present one has my love."

And with the love of Runee Grace my happiness is sure.

A Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

The San Francisco *Post* has the following: A most horrible and sickening death occurred in Kernan's saloon, in the back yard of the city hall, being no less than the spontaneous combustion of a human body. The victim was a man who had not been more than a month in the city, but during that time had been frequently arrested for drunkenness. He wandered about alone, seemingly demented, occupying his whole time in drinking the vile poison of the city front and Barbary Coast dens. He has twice been treated for delirium tremens, and on the morning of his death was discharged after a longer time than usual. With a seemingly insane desire for drink he continued from half past seven o'clock drinking steadily at various bars, and the large size of each potation promised to speedily send him back to the hospital.

About ten o'clock he staggered into the room nearly insensible, and feebly asked for a drink. This was refused him, and he staggered toward the gas jet to light the stump of a cigar he carried, while the barkeeper turned away to attend to his duties. A moment afterward he heard a low moan and noticed a flash of fire, and turning around he saw Harley falling to the floor, his head enveloped in black, thick smoke, while flames issued from his mouth and ears. A horrible smell of burned flesh filled the air. Not a moment was lost in attending to the sufferer. He was beyond relief, however. His face was perfectly black, partly charred and partly covered with a moist soot. His eyes were open. His mouth was completely roasted on the inside, but, with the exception of his head and hands, no part of his body bore marks of his horrible death. A letter found in his pocket, addressed to M. Harley or Hartley, furnished the only clew to his identity.

A Son's Legacy.

The will of the late R. H. Macy, founder of one of the largest retail dry goods and notion houses in New York, was offered for probate in the surrogate's office, and one clause in it proved of special interest as showing that the sons of wealthy self-made men do not always follow in the footsteps of their fathers. After leaving the bulk of his property to his wife and daughter, who are named as executresses, the will continues:

I am grieved to say in this solemn manner that my experience has been such with my son, Rowland H. Macy, jr., that I cannot intrust him with the care or management of any property. He has never succeeded in supporting himself. On the contrary, though he is now twenty-nine years of age, he has been entirely supported and maintained by me, and although I have done everything in my power to aid him in establishing habits of temperance and sobriety, yet I am compelled to acknowledge the failure of every effort made by me and others to that end. His passion for strong drink has not hitherto been controlled by him. In view of these facts I have deemed it wise to make the following provision for his support and maintenance during his natural life: I direct that my said executresses, or the survivors of them or their successors, do, as soon after my decease as conveniently may be, invest in United States government bonds a sum the annual interest or income of which shall amount to $1,000, and that they pay to my said son the said interest or income when and as collected, unless my said son shall contest this will or undertake to defeat its provisions, in which case I direct that he have no part or portion of my estate.

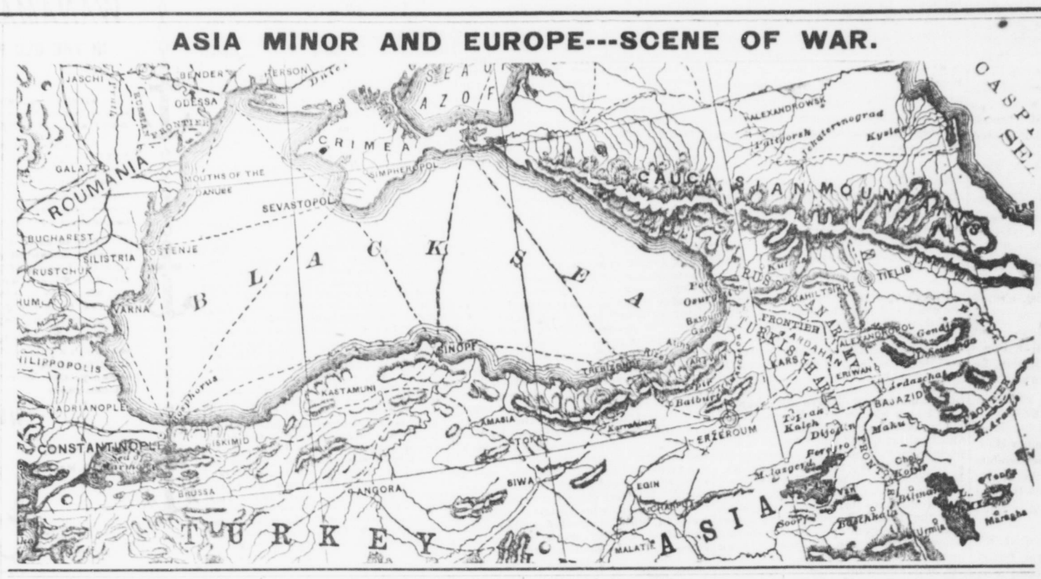
The estate is valued at between $500,000 and $1,000,000.

Limited Foreign Service.

In preparing a civil service system practicable to diplomatic and consular positions, the proposition to introduce a rule for an eight years' service will be considered. It has been recommended by several former diplomatic officers, and was a rule established by Mr. Jefferson when secretary of state under Washington, as the result of his own personal experience. This rule was maintained until nearly all the early practices in the civil service was abandoned. The theory of the rule is that a residence of more than eight years abroad tends to denationalize the most patriotic citizen to some extent, and to alienate him from the customs, thoughts and tendencies of his own country.

John B. Young, of Cincinnati, Ohio, while transacting some business in a law office in New York, happened to lean too far out of the window and before he could recover his balance he fell out. In front of the building stands a gas lamp, and the unfortunate man struck upon this in his descent, the sharp iron fixtures at the top impaling him and passing through his body. Several people who were passing assisted a policeman to remove him, but it was with extreme difficulty that they succeeded in lifting him free of the pointed metal, which had passed into his bowels.

ASIA MINOR AND EUROPE---SCENE OF WAR.



Map of the Eastern War.

The map which we publish this week, under an arrangement with the New York *Herald*, will afford our readers a comprehensive view of the locality and movements of the Russian and Turkish armies in Asia Minor, to which attention has been drawn by recent events. At the beginning of hostilities it was supposed the first clash of arms would occur in Europe; but the Russian campaign thus far has been confined principally to Asia Minor. Bajazid, a fortified town southeast of Kars, has been abandoned by the Turks and occupied by the Russians without a blow, the Turks leaving behind them a supply of ammunition and retiring to Toprak Kaleh or Van. If a battle is to be fought by the late Turkish garrison of Bajazid it will, in all probability, be on the road to one of these places. If the Russian troops succeed in isolating Kars from the main body of Turkish troops, the Turks will be compelled to fall back upon Erzeroum. Meanwhile the Russian army along the Danube remains inactive, probably awaiting a further move westward of the army in Asia Minor before taking any decisive step. Should the Russians succeed in taking the town of Silistria, on the Danube, the Turks will be driven to Schumla and the Balkan range.

Ladies in Persia.

A traveler in Persia thus describes the dress and appearance of the ladies of that country:

A few women are seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women because of their costume and size, but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are wrapped from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chudder, it is called, which passes over the head and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chudder is tied around the head a yard long veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the eyes is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout or ventilator. The veil passes into the chudder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors puts on a pair of trousers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and thus her outdoor seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her in the street. In this costume Mohammedan women grope their way about the towns of Persia. Their trousers are tightly bound about the ankles above their colored silk stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture; the slippers, with no covering for the heel, complete this unsightly, unwholesome apparel of these uncomfortable victims of the Persian readers of the Koran. The indoor costume of Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to Europeans. The chudder and trousers are the invariable walking costume. Indoors the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet girl. In the ante-rooms of Persian royalty my wife was received by the princesses thus attired, or rather unattired.

Maple Sugar Statistics.

A few figures about the maple sugar business are suggested by the fact that this season thirty-five tons of the sugar have been shipped to market from Brattleboro, Vt. The best estimate puts the yield of a tree at twelve to twenty-four, say eighteen, gallons a season, and of sugar not over four pounds. That is, eighteen quarts of sap make a pound; consequently there were boiled, about Brattleboro, to make 70,000 pounds of sugar, 1,260,000 quarts of sap, which were the yield of 17,500 trees. Supposing that, the country through, there are 100 places where as much sugar is made as about Brattleboro, then a total of 31,500,000 gallons of sap is drawn every spring. No doubt this is far less than the actual amount, yet it would weigh about 252,000,000 pounds or 126,000 tons, and would make a far greater liquid mass than some of the reservoirs that have, in bursting, caused such disaster in the past few years. A pound of wood burned raises twenty-seven to thirty-six pounds of water from thirty-two degrees to the boiling point. Assuming that a pound of ordinary forest gathering would boil the water out of thirty-six pounds of sap, it appears that it would take 7,000,000 pounds (3,500 tons) of wood to make a season's sugar; and also that the firewood burned just about equals in weight the sugar produced. Trees have to be tapped; fuel has to be gathered, if not prepared; and thirty-five pounds of water have to be boiled away before the sugar is reached; moreover several weeks are spent at the work. What wonder that foreign substances sometimes creep into the pans.—*Hartford Courant.*

A Model Diplomatist.

Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, who has been instrumental in creating the present Oriental crisis, is described by a friendly hand as a model diplomatist. Politic and clever, he knows how to make himself agreeable to all parties, in order to secure for himself the greatest advantage. At the very moment when, with regard to Turkey, he represents himself as its well-meaning friend, who could readily come to an understanding if his stubborn subjects did not prevent him, he also knows how to cleverly persuade the European courts that he will follow their counsels; and thus the circumstance happens that many a great power impugnes that it directs petty Montenegro; while without any question it is obliged to give way to the principality and accede to its demands.

DEADWOOD AND ITS PEOPLE.

Pictures of Life and Manners in the Black Hills Capital.

Deadwood is the liveliest town in the United States, writes a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, and each hour adds to the population, business, bustle, confusion and wealth. Eastern reading is as fiction to the people of Deadwood, who know nothing of hard times and dull trade. Here the trader, miner and gambler are all coining money. No taxes to pay, immense profits, a daily increasing demand for goods, the richest mineral country in America, easily worked; no wonder the merchants and miners are happy. As for the gamblers and confidence men, Deadwood warms with them. In fact, since a little adventure of my own, I am inclined to suspect that one-half the men I elbow on the street are of the black-leg species.

Mr. Vandaniker of the "I. X. L." hotel recently introduced me to one of the sharpest, most successful, and best known confidence men in the country. "I am a blackleg," said my new acquaintance, "and you know it; but I never take advantage of a poor man—I mean a miner working for a stake—traders and merchants are my game. If I can bleed a freighter, I do so without the least compunction. I never resort to violence—I mean the knife, pistol, or black-jack. While I would rather steal than receive the money as a gift, I never leave a man penniless. Do you want to see me at work? Well, come along into the 'Melodeon.' Don't recognize me."

We passed into the crowded, heated room. What a pandemonium! The bar at the right was lined with half drunken men, laughing, chatting, swearing, yelling. Further on was a *rouge et noir* table, its dealer loudly proclaiming to a gaping crowd the fairness of the game. By its side, a motley throng surrounded a lottery and chuck-luck table, the banker being a youth not over sixteen. At the end of the room was a narrow stage, upon which appeared a pianist, banjo player, and three male singers. The men were in their shirt sleeves, puffing away at old clay pipes as we entered, but the instruments soon struck up a symphony, which was followed by a very pretty ballad, well sung and accompanied. Making our way out of the room, we noticed a large crowd gathering at our right, and heard a hoarse voice lauding the simplicity of a game which I soon discovered to be thimble rig, with nut shells doing duty for thimbles, and which has given to the man behind the table the sobriquet of "nut shell Bill." My companion pulled my sleeve, and edged his way through the crowd to the table.

"Twenty dollars that you can't pick up the shell containing the little ball," said Bill, as he passed the three shells to and fro, displaying the ball at every move. "Twenty dollars that no one can discover the ball, and he may lift the shell himself." As Bill turned to expectorate, my companion quickly raised the center shell, plainly showing to the crowd the ball beneath, and replaced it. "Twenty dollars," said Bill. "I'll go you ten," quietly remarked my companion, "it is all the money I have." "No, sir," replied Bill, "twenty or nothing." Then the two argued the point for a second or two, and Bill being inexorable, my companion turned to a bystander and said: "Come, pard, let's go in together. I'll put in ten with you." The person appealed to, confident of his ability to raise the right shell, complied; two ten-dollar bills fluttered upon the table; the center shell was raised, but no ball was there. Of course there was cursing, laughing, charges of foul play and threats, during which Bill quietly picked up his money and slipped through the crowd to the street. He makes but one bet a night.

On the other side of the street, a little lower down, stands "the Cricket," another great resort. It is a dance hall and variety theater, the latter being a novelty here. It was in the "Cricket" that Gen. Crook danced in the same set with Mayor Farnum. His partner is still employed in the house. A violin and viola furnish the music. Six girls are employed in the dance hall, and are on the floor from dark until midnight, their partners varying in social standing from such dignitaries as those just mentioned to the dirtiest, blackest and coarsest of "bullwhackers." The men dance with hats on, and huge cigars between their teeth, and seem to enjoy the ten minutes' set, for which they pay a half dollar, besides treats for self and partner. The theater is reached through two doorways, one leading to the lower part of the house, the other to the gallery, which is divided off into seven boxes. Decorum is unknown to "Cricket" audiences, and, as a consequence, the performance is virtually one of show and not for the ear. Great clouds of smoke fill the room, while many girls, dressed in the loudest fashion, peddle drinks through the audience. The performance begins with the first part of a minstrel show, the circle consisting of "bones" and "tambourine" in cork, two girls, the interlocutor, and a banjo player uncorked. The great aim of all is to be as loud as possible, and in this particular there seems to be no restraint. Singing and dancing fill up the programme. The performance continues until the last auditor leaves.

The amount of money nightly squandered here upon wine, women and gambling is simply enormous. With drinks and cigars at "two bits" (twenty-five cents) each, wine (very poor) at $5 per pint, and everything else in proportion, it takes but a very short time to run through a big sum of money. Gambling is the great bane of the town. One can find but few public houses where there are not one or more games in operation, while in many saloons the tables are counted by the half dozen. Yet there are many excellent people here.

Deadwood apes the airs and dignity of the oldest city on the continent. Postal service has been secured, and Postmaster Adams, a carpet-bagger from Omaha, with a boiled shirt and shiny hat, opened a regularly established office and began the sale of stamps. Heretofore it has cost ten cents to send or receive a letter, except by the Cheyenne line. The latter has the contract until the close of the fiscal year, and will carry a daily mail, as will also the Fort Pierre and Bismarck lines as soon as they begin running, which will be in about two weeks. The Sidney stage company has sold out to the Cheyenne company, and hereafter daily stages will run over that route.

The first daily paper in the hills, the *Times*, recently made its appearance here. It is a folio, five columns to the page; has the Associated Press dispatches; is well edited, and presents a fine typographical appearance. Its editors, Messrs. Warner and Newhard, are old Denver printers, and are confident of success. The *Pioneer*, the first Black Hills journal, will soon appear daily.

The arrivals of "tender feet" in this city alone average one hundred a day, and, as the season advances, the influx becomes greater. Hotels can accommodate about one in ten; the other nine sleep in stables, tents, wagons, etc. You can safely assume that four-fifths of the entire number will soon be on their way back to the States with empty pockets. All the good mining ground has been taken up.

A number of farmers have arrived, taken ranches in Red valley, and begun tillage. I counted thirty-six on their way to the Belle Fourche one day. They will make money, as the soil is excellent for agricultural purposes, while the market will be the best in the country next winter, unless the business is overdone. Hay now sells at $100 per ton, and it is very scarce at that figure. It costs about $3.20 per ton to gather it.

Another very fortunate speculation is our solitary ice man. He harvested several thousand tons last winter, and, as he intends charging five cents per pound, his profits will be enormous.

Building goes on rapidly all over the city, keeping sawmills and carpenters busy night and day. Rents are outrageously high, a small cabin of unplaned lumber bringing $25 to $35 per month. Masonic and Odd Fellow lodges have been established. Divine service is held every Sunday. A largely attended school has been opened.

Mines are being opened rapidly, but the abundance of water prevents a thorough working of them. Merchants and gamblers have decided to take and pay out gold dust hereafter at the rate of $18 per ounce—a reduction of two dollars.

A Curious Storm of Lightning.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, a paper, giving the following curious description of a storm observed by M. Edward Blanc, on March 21, at Vence, in the Var, was read: "The weather had been variable during the day; at seven A. M. a hail-storm, accompanied with thunder, had swept over the whole northern seaboard of the Mediterranean from west to east; Trejus, Antibes, Cannes, Nice and Monaco had been visited, but the center of the tornado was several leagues away on the sea, where the clouds had a characteristic copper tint. Vence had been but slightly touched, had had some intermittent rain mingled with hailstones, and occasional squalls. During the rest of the day the sun shone out, and at intervals a big black cloud would travel from west to east, letting fall a shower of rain lasting but a few minutes. The sun was warm, and set in a cloudless horizon. About midnight, M. Blanc was surprised to see numerous flashes of lightning to the east, the sky overhead being clear. There was no thunder, although the phenomenon could not be at any great distance. M. Blanc proceeded to a spot where nothing could obstruct the observer, and saw the whole eastern horizon covered by a layer of black clouds, over which a number of light and fleecy cirri were skimming in various directions; the general appearance was that of a dense mass in ebullition, on the surface of which light scoriæ were dancing about. To the northeast of Vence, and at a distance of eighteen kilometres or thereabouts, a large black cloud seemed to be exceedingly disturbed; it was constantly rising and falling, and above it fireballs resembling rockets issuing from a bouquet of fireworks seemed to start from an invisible center, flew about in every direction, and after passing over a space of from six to eight degrees, would burst silently, leaving a dazzling train behind. The apparent diameter of these balls was about one degree; they moved slowly, and the phenomenon was repeated three or four times in two minutes. From time to time the cloud was torn by a flash of lightning, accompanied by a rumbling sound."

The Land of Revolutions.

Political prosecutions continue in Mexico. Senor F. Mejia, Lerdo's secretary of the treasury, has been imprisoned for alleged malpractices during the past two years. Diaz declares the Congress an illegal body, and has summoned the Senate to meet in September, when the two bodies will choose a new Congress. Conspiracies multiply rapidly. A formidable one has been discovered in San Luis Potosi, and a number of arrests have been made. The original Tuxtepec party are dissatisfied with Diaz and threaten to oppose him, and the Church party are offended because Diaz disavows any alliance with them. The *Courrier De La Europe* has suspended and *Two Republics* will follow suit. Both are Lerdo journals. Governor Jiminez, who arrested Mr. Sutter, the American consul at Acapulco, without cause, and kept him in confinement three weeks, has released him by order of President Diaz, but without redress. Diaz has paroled Cortina the condemned bandit.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Drainage.

All farm lands are greatly improved, and made more productive by being properly drained. From experience and observation, I am satisfied that underdraining, properly done, where it is practicable, is much the best, yet, lands which are quite rolling and hilly, would in most cases be greatly benefited by making deep dead furrows, every two or three rods apart when plowing. But when the land is only moderately rolling or nearly level, make good sized open ditches, not more than eighty yards apart, deep enough to go mostly below the top soil, in order that the land may be drained below the roots of the growing crops, then as the surplus water runs off, the air will enter the soil, and rising up through to the surface, aerate and warm the land, which helps to furnish good and wholesome food for the crops, thereby increasing the yield. But underdraining if properly done, is still better.

Drains should not be far apart, and should be so laid as to run from the head to the outlet with some descent, and be from two to four feet below the surface (of course an outlet must be provided). This would drain the soil more evenly and thoroughly reaching all parts of the land or field to be drained. By this method of draining while the surplus water is running off, the air is running up the drains, and rising through the ground, aerating and warming the soil, making it fit for cultivation full ten days earlier in spring, and continuing its warmth as much later in the fall, thereby lengthening the growing and ripening season, and, in mosts cases, preventing injury from early and late frosts, which, in some seasons, would add more to the value of the crop than the whole cost of the drainage.

Where the land is favorable for underdraining, the cost need not be more than from two dollars to four dollars per acre, according to the prices paid for labor and materials. The drains can be made of pine boards; a strip six and one-half inches wide nailed on to the edge of a strip five and one-half inches wide, and in lieu of a bottom, nail short strips across about four feet apart, to keep the sides in their places. This kind of drain will last many years, and do good service. Therefore, I would recommend underdraining as being the greatest benefit to the soil,

But persons who cannot conveniently underdrain their land, should at least dig a few open ditches, of good size and proper depth, for mains, and then when plowing make deep dead furrows, leading into the ditches, which will be found highly beneficial.—*Isaac Emay, in Rural New Yorker.*

Domestic Helps.

RICH SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cupful sour cream, one cupful molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda; stir rather thin.

FRIED CAKES.—One cupful sugar, one cupful sour cream, one cupful buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, spice to taste; mix thick enough to roll easily.

COLOGNE.—One quart alcohol, one-quarter ounce oil of lavender, one-quarter ounce oil of rosemary.

H.—One quart alcohol, one ounce oil of lemon, one-half ounce oil of bergamot; shake well.

BAKERS' GRAHAM BREAD.—Make a sponge as for white bread with wheat flour, say one square of compressed yeast to two quarts of water; when light make up the dough with graham flour and one-half a teacupful molasses; let stand to rise again, then make up the loaves with the hands, and when light bake.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK.—Slit the outside or fat part, say every four inches, cutting through to the lean, which prevents contraction and increases its tenderness. Have a bright fire and gridiron hot before putting it on; turn over to prevent burning. A steak an inch and a half thick will be cooked in from seven to ten minutes. To fry, prepare in the same way; put a little butter on pan or griddle, and let it get brown before putting on the meat; cook quickly, and, whether broiled, fried, roasted, or baked in the oven, if you want juicy, tender beef, never salt it before it is cooked. Beefsteak should be served the moment it is cooked; otherwise it loses its flavor.

Hints About Flowers.

House plants ought to be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water), they will grow more thrifty. Chicken manure dissolved in water is excellent. Always keep the soil in your flower pots loose. A common hair-pin used daily, will stir the earth sufficiently.

Escorted by Whales.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has been put in possession of a curious story by Captain Reis, of the British steamer Fleur de Lis, which recently arrived at that port from Androssan. The captain says that when off Staten island, which lies eastward from Cape Horn, the ship encountered a school of whales, which seems to have resolved itself into an escort to attend her on the remainder of her passage. The whales kept in close company with the ship through this long stretch of thousands of miles, and did not leave her until she arrived off San Francisco and put in for the shore, when they took their leave with a series of lively flounders and an occasional spout to assure the master they were taking in bumpers to his health. As the passage around Cape Horn and through the Pacific was a good one, it is fair to presume that the escort was auspicious.

THE MINISTERIAL BUREAU.

An Intelligence Office in New York for Preachers Who are Out of Employment.

"Yes," said the Rev. Charles C. Goss to the reporter of a New York paper, "a ministerial bureau is an oddity in our country; but it is none the less a necessity. Preachers are often thrown upon the world without the immediate opportunity of locating themselves comfortably, and churches are almost as frequently left without pastors. It is my hope that through the agency of this bureau many of these mutual wants may be supplied."

"Have you had many applications from churches?"

"Very few so far, for the reason, perhaps, that I had not advertised the project."

"Is there a reasonable prospect that you will meet with success in your undertaking?"

"That, of course, is a question of time. Educational bureaus seem to succeed, labor bureaus are not all failures, and I have heard that one or two matrimonial bureaus are meeting with excellent encouragement. Why should not a ministerial bureau succeed, dealing, as it must, with hundreds of churches and thousands of preachers?"

"There must be a wide field for you to work in."

"Yes; the business of supplying churches with pastors, or of introducing unemploy

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., May 24, 1877.

The Japanese are also slaughtering each other, in imitation of outside barbarians. An official telegram from Japan states that another army corps has reached Kagoshima. More than one battle has been fought there, and a large part of the town has been burned. The imperialists have been victorious in every engagement.

It is announced that the Turks if pressed to abandon their positions in Bulgaria have determined to lay waste the country and destroy the towns, leaving nothing but a desert and ruins to the Russians. Notification of this has been given the foreign consuls in various Bulgarian towns, with the information opportunities will be afforded alien residents to remove their property. This shows the character the war will resume should the Russians succeed in effecting a lodgment in Bulgaria. The operations on the Danube are of no importance, and there is a dearth of news from Asia Minor.

A fierce war is raging among the Iowa republicans. The rock upon which they have split is Hayes' administration.

Don Cameron was in Pittsburg the other day, to see its manufacturing greatness and cut a swell as U. S. Senator. But nobody in the smoky city seemed to care about the young senator; there were no demonstrations, and that sort of things, and Don went home wondering why this was all so. Perhaps John Scott had too many of his way of thinking out there.

Don't go to the Black Hills, has been the cry all along and is yet. The N. Y. Sun publishes a long letter from the Black Hills, in which it is stated that the aggregate yield of the gold mines last year was two and a half million dollars, and the Sun correspondent predicts that this year's yield will reach twenty-five million dollars. Improved mining machinery is going into the hills every week. Silver has also been found in great quantities. The Sun correspondent, however, advises that poor or helpless people stay away from the hills.

Col. Slifer, President of our railroad, passed over the line last week, and we had the pleasure of traveling with him part of the way. The Col. was at Bellefonte and held a conference with the parties there interested in the Branch, the result of which was that the Bellefonte parties resolved to close up the bonus of $20,000, of which only a small amount was unsubscribed. He then proceeded to Harris township and Boalsburg to have an interview with interested parties there, and to endeavor to make some arrangement by which the pending lawsuit on the stock subscribed by parties in Harris, and who refuse to pay, may be avoided. President Slifer feels confident that with the adjustment of the Harris township difficulties and the raising of the bonus by Bellefonte, the road will go ahead, and that the threatened delays spring from these causes alone. We believe Col. Slifer is eager to have the road go on, and that all the influence he has is being used in that direction.

The track has now reached Beaver Dam, which is within one mile of entering our valley, and in a few weeks more the whistle of the iron horse will sound at Spring Mills. It would be a great wrong to have the work stop at the latter point, and we trust that Bellefonte and Harris township by adjusting their matters, will not leave the railroad company the shadow of an excuse for delay at Spring Mills.

But the affairs at Bellefonte and in Harris township, if they remain as heretofore, are not good ground for the railroad company to stop off at Spring Mills, instead of finishing it to Centre Hall or farther west. The company is in all honor bound to bring the road on to this place at least—we paid all our stock, paid our bond, secured the right of way, had our farms cut up, laid out of the use of our money for five years already, the road is graded to here and partly ballasted, and if there is a spark of honor left in those who have the control, the road will go right on six miles west of Spring Mills, to this point at least, in order to afford us some benefit for what we have done.

In some localities ministers are opposed to funerals on the Sabbath day; and we just see from an item that the ministers of Chambersburg are opposed to funerals on the Sabbath day, and hence at a meeting of their Association a resolution was adopted discountenancing funerals on that day, except in cases of absolute necessity.

Some of the organs that stand by the Fraudulent think it was a breach of etiquette when Samuel J. Tilden refused to attend the recent banquet tendered by the Chamber of Commerce of New York to Mr. Hayes. Mr. Tilden did right. Suppose your neighbor stole a turkey from you, and then would invite you to the roast, wouldn't you consider it impudence added to the theft, and wouldn't you refuse to attend? Yes, you would. Well, that's just as the case stands between Hayes and Tilden.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.—By W. R. BIERLY, Esq., of the Williamsport Bar.

The only book of the kind issued. The Acts of Assembly and Supreme Court Decisions in relation to the rights and duties of Township Officers, arranged and condensed. The volume treats of Assessors, Auditors, Constables, Election Officers, Justices, Overseers of the Poor, School Directors, Supervisors, Road Commissioners, Treasurers, Tax Collectors, and Town Clerks. Borough laws appended. The whole carefully indexed, with marginal notes and references. For sale at all the book stores in the county. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. Address the Publisher, Box 69, Williamsport, Pa.

A man named Jones had fifty-five thousand dollars worth of diamonds stolen from a trunk in New York.

That was a far better haul than any one could have made in the African diamond fields.

Ohio will stand by the country as long as it can be made to pay.—Pittsburgh Dispatch. Poor Pennsylvania will have to crouch by Cameron until her honest citizens and her newspapers with some manly spirit and sense of honor, get the upper hand.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Barnum has gone into the Charley Ross business. He thinks Charley is still living and has proposed to the father of the boy to let him offer $10,000 reward with a guarantee of immunity from punishment to induce the captors to restore him. Barnum would then take Charley around and show him.

UNFORTUNATE PARTY.

It is a significant fact that the party, in the United States, opposed to the Democracy, has been unfortunate with one half the administrations under Presidents elected by it, while in no single instance has this been the case with administrations under Presidents elected by the Democrats. One half of the administrations put in power by the party opposed to the Democracy, have "gone back on"—to use a vulgar phrase—that party.

Every administration under a democratic President, has been true to the end to its party and to the country.

The opposition had no trouble with the administrations of the two Adamses. Their next success was with Harrison in 1840. He died after being in office one month, and John Tyler, Vice President, elected on the ticket with Harrison, became President. Tyler's administration at once deviated from the paths of whiggery, and the party reaped poor fruits from their splendid victory in the hard cider campaign—Tyler's faith in the constitutional doctrines of the democratic party, towards which his oath led him, soon cut a wide breach between him and the party that elected him.

The opposition next elected old Zack Taylor—Rough & Ready—under a military hurrah from his brilliant success in the Mexican war. Taylor's administration was too conservative and pro-slavery for the northern ultras who elected him and they had no warm sympathy for it. But old Zack died, and Milliard Fillmore, a New York abolitionist, elected on the ticket with Taylor, as Vice-President, became President. But when Fillmore took the oath as President to support the Constitution, he found it conflicted with his former abolition faith, and true to his oath, he found no other course but to go according to the Constitution and cut loose from the party of Greeley, Sumner, Hale, Wade, Giddings, and the other leaders who had elected him. And the Taylor and Fillmore administrations brought poor fruits for the party that elected them.

Next comes Lincoln. He suited the opposition during his first term, but at the commencement of his second term he began to show too much conservatism and mildness towards the conquered South to suit the tastes of the northern bloody shirts—the quarter masters, loafing brigadier generals, contractors, shodyites, and stay-at-home-patriots who speculated upon the war—but he died at the hand of the assassin, and Andrew Johnson, Vice President, elected by the same party, became President, and taking up Lincoln's policy of conciliation, he soon disgusted the above tribe to such an extent, that they attempted to get rid of him by impeachment, in which they failed; and that administration was lost to the party that had elected it.

Next came Grant. His administration was a success throughout, for the party—the plunderers, thieves, whisky rings, defaulters, bummers, brothers-in-law, daddys-in-law, cousins, uncles, or any one with a *Dent* in his hat—had full license to ply their vocations; and all of them to this day, are highly pleased with Grant's administration, and swear it was the best we ever had—and so it was, for them.

Next comes Hayes. Well, you rads, who voted for him, it is not necessary for the Reporter to say that he cheated you, because Ben Wade, and Blaine, and your other big leaders are on the stand now, and swear that he has betrayed the party. All that the Reporter would add to their testimony is, that Hayes is a Fraudulent President, who while he looses the respect of the Republicans, never will gain the confidence of the Democrats.

In view of the above facts, we would advise the opposition, whenever they go into the presidential business again, to take out a heavy accident insurance policy; the average make on that will be better than the risk on an administration.

The Clarion Democrat says, that Clarion county now produces more oil than any other county in the state. The daily production of this county at present is about 11,000 barrels. This brings from $25,000 to $30,000 a day, and of course makes money plentier than in other places. Nevertheless the hard times prevailing elsewhere, has caused an immense immigration to this county, so that every profession, trade and occupation seems overrun. Laborers unskilled in the kind of work required in the oil region are crowding in by hundreds, and most of them being without means, suffer many hardships—being unable to find employment.

Huntingdon and Tyrone are rivals for the proposed plate glass works to be established by English capitalists. The Huntingdon Globe of last week says that $90,000 are now subscribed for the erection of the "Huntingdon Plate Glass Works." Who doubts that it will be over $100,000, in less than a week? All honor to the enterprising spirit manifested by so many of our citizens in this great enterprise.

It is said bloody shirt Morton has written a private letter which states that he will endorse Hayes' administration. This is quite a caving-in of the Indiana bulldozer, who was the advocate of Packard, Chamberlain and carpet-baggers in general. Blaine, on the other hand, will take the cudgel against Hayes' policy.

The credit system is one of the ulcers of store-keeping in Centre and adjoining counties. It would be better for all, farmer, mechanic, laborer, if a "cash—or pay as you go"—system could be introduced and the cheating system of eternal credit done away with.

As showing to what extent the credit system has been carried on in Shamokin it is stated that nine merchants (or firms) have on their books outstanding accounts amounting to $105,000—ranging from $2,000 to $30,000 each. Of the nine merchants, seven have failed, or have been compelled to quit business because of their book accounts.

Brick Pomeroy still thinks that Wilkes Booth is not dead.

In certain radical quarters there is a desire to have Grant nominated as the next radical candidate for President. Cameron is in favor of this, and the Harrisburg Patriot says that the enthusiastic demonstrations in Philadelphia on the departure of Gen. Grant for Europe turns out to have a much deeper significance than a mere personal compliment. A movement has been set on foot to make Grant the next radical candidate for President. Already in the third month of Hayes' administration the leaders of the party have become so much disgusted that they have begun to intrigue for the succession. They sigh for the good things they have enjoyed for the last eight years and impatiently await the close of this Hayes interregnum that Grant may lead them back to power and pelf. The occasion of the trip down the Delaware on Thursday was "improved" to let the public into the secret of this presidential movement.

The first speaker was Gen. Sherman who assured Gen. Grant that "millions" of people will be ready to give him all he wants on his return "only for the asking." Zach Chandler approached a little nearer the subject in saying "whatever criticism he may now receive full justice will be done him in three years and he will hereafter be known as a soldier and a statesman." Whether this justice is to take the shape of a nomination for President or whether it will be done in making a contrast of the Grant plan of pinning states to the republican party with the bayonet with the milk and water policy of Hayes the late secretary of the interior left to be inferred. Ex-Secretary Fish spoke of Grant as "one of the greatest men of the country." Ex Secretary Robeson said "he was never found wanting, and that is what has stamped the man upon the hearts of the American people, who rise up to-day to do him honor." But it was left for Ex-Senator Cameron to blurt out the real meaning of the demonstration in this speech: "I believe that when he returns to us again he will be asked to take the helm again when the ship of state is seen going to destruction." The applause that greeted these words shows he well knew the audience were prepared for them.

THE SECRET OF IT.

Don Platt professes to have unraveled the exact and reliable true inwardness of the postponement of the extra session of Congress. The carpet-baggers of the Senate, holding the balance of power in that body, had been in negotiations with the Democrats to do what the Electoral Commission refused—go back of the returns and unseat Hayes by showing that Tilden was elected. We quote:

The Radical rascals of South Carolina and Louisiana, maddened by the unexpected desertion of Hayes, had ready for publication all the rot of Florida and Louisiana through which Hayes secured his inauguration, and the production of that would have forced an investigation and the President would have found himself dependent upon five desperate fellows in the Senate. They would then be masters of the situation, instead of the Administration.

The Democracy, at least no leading Democrat, would enter into a conspiracy for any such a purpose, especially with carpet-baggers and convicted rogues who turn State's evidence. But suppose some startling discoveries were made by Mad. Wells and Packard, who now, by and with the consent of Hayes, are being kicked out of the South, the Democrats would have to order an investigation, and the result of that would depend on the handful of desperate and rebellious Republicans in the Senate.

And so to avoid all this the extra session was called for October.

Yes, and that is not all. If they find they can run the machine smoothly until then the President will revoke his proclamation and we shall have no extra session at all.

THE TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF RUSSIANS NEAR BATOUM.

London, May 14.—The Daily Telegraph's special from Batoum, Friday at midnight says: "About 5 o'clock this morning the Russian forces, which had been largely augmented for the purpose, advanced with batteries of field artillery and made a furious attack upon the heights defending Batoum on the land side, which were occupied by Bashi-Bazouks. The Ottoman troops were intrenched in the usual effective manner upon the slopes and ledges of these hills and upon the advance of the enemy they opened on his columns a terrible and well-sustained fire of cannon and musketry, which literally mowed the Russians down in swaths. They fell by scores and hundreds on the plain below the Turkish positions. During their attempts to make way against this fire a body of Turkish horse and foot, taking advantage of a thick forest, broke forth upon the flank of the Russian column and effected great slaughter. The Muscovites being upon ground perfectly open, and having no choice but to fight or fly, in a short time the spot which was the scene of this flank movement became covered with dead and dying Russians. But the enemy quickly brought up reinforcements, and the battle was renewed with much determination. For many hours the efforts of the assailants were desperately maintained, but towards midday their artillery fire gradually slackened, and they at length withdrew, after suffering very considerable losses. I myself was an eye-witness of this important engagement from first to last, and can testify that the Ottoman oldiers behaved with a gallantry which was most admirable. They had, however, during a great part of the action the advantage of intrenchments on high ground, and it is due to this fact no doubt that their losses, compared to those inflicted upon the enemy, were insignificant." The same paper's despatch, dated Saturday, says that the victory was won by the extraordinary courage of the Bashi-Bazouks. The dead and wounded on the Russian side will exceed 4,000. The engagement lasted over eight hours of actual fighting. The last of the Russians did not withdraw until near midnight. The Russians lost many guns. The only Turkish officer of note killed was Khalim Bey, major of irregulars.

HOBART PASHA'S EXPLOIT.

HE FIRES THE FIRST GUN IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

A special edition of the London Telegraph furnishes the following account of Hobart Pasha's daring exploit on the Danube in passing the Russian batteries. It is stated that while his vessel was lying at Rustchuk the Turkish authorities received intelligence of the arrival of the Russians at Galatz, and that they were placing torpedoes in the river. Hobart Pasha was advised to leave his steamer in the Danube and return to Constantinople via Varna, but, disdaining all such counsel, he declared that he would rather blow up his ship than desert her. Night approaching, he made everything ready for running into the Black Sea, in opposition to all Russian hostile intentions, getting clear fires under the boilers of his craft, in order to avoid smoke from her funnel, and making other arrangements. The Rethymo, be it said, is a very fast boat, capable of steaming at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. When Hobart Pasha started on his daring expedition the Danube current was running swiftly, being estimated at fully five knots an hour. Upon nearing Galatz he found the heavily armed Russian batteries commanding the river, looking capable of sinking anything afloat, besides the torpedoes reported to be hidden beneath the waters. Immediately it was dark the word was passed, "Lights out," and the steamer, sped rapidly along. The batteries were soon reached, and the Russian lanterns, the heavy guns and soldiers in great numbers were clearly visible to those who manned the Rethymo, when suddenly a rocket was sent up from the Roumanian shore to apprise the Muscovite gunners of Hobart Pasha's coming. Other rockets followed in quick succession. Then the hoarse word of command was distinctly heard. Bugles sounded and the drums beat merrily, summoning the Russians to their posts. Hobart Pasha expected every moment to be blown out of the water by the fire of the heavy guns he was treating so cavalierly; but being determined to make efforts in some degree proportionate, to the great risk he was facing, he ran his vessel close inshore, not forty metres from the batteries themselves—indeed, so near that the Russian gunners were unable to depress the pieces sufficiently fast to get a good aim. His boat went quickly past at twenty knots an hour, and soon all danger was over. When satisfied he had nothing to fear from his enemies, Hobart Pasha ordered the crew of the Rethymo, which carried one 40-pounder Armstrong gun, to throw one shell into the centre of the Russian camp, an order which was quickly obeyed, the missile bursting in the midst of the Muscovite tents. Its effects were of course, unknown, but it was the first cannon-shot fired upon the Danube in the Russo-Turkish war. Hobart Pasha subsequently proceeded to Constantinople, where he received a hearty welcome and enthusiastic congratulations.

A STRANGE STORY.

Here is a true story from Philadelphia, with all the elements of mystery and dramatic horror for which our modern novelists and playwrights strive in vain. Two or three months after the Exposition closed the dead body of a man was found in a lonely gorge, six miles from the city, too much decomposed for recognition, and without the slightest clew in his clothing by which to identify him. It was supposed he had been a guest at the Granger's Hotel, which was an enormous temporary barracks to which thousands of transient lodgers came daily. No register was kept, nor could any account be taken of them after they paid for their room in advance. What could be more unlikely than that this unrecognizable body could be identified as one of the nameless millions who came and went through Philadelphia last year, or that his murderer should be found?

Yet, by a chance letter a to prominent newspaper publisher from Germany, the whole strange story is laid bare. The murdered man proves to be a young German of a wealthy family who came to Philadelphia last Summer. At this Granger's Hotel he fell in with another German and formed a close companionship with him. The stranger learned all his secrets, the particulars of his business and family life, obtained letters from him, from which he studied his handwriting, peculiarities of expression, etc. When his plans were ripe he enticed the young fellow out to this lonely gorge, killed him, took possession of his trunk and other property, and opened a correspondence with his family in Germany. Since last October this correspondence has been carried on, the murderer personating his victim and obtaining by pleas of illness, losses, etc., large sums of money.

By this time his arrest will in all probability be made. We spoke the other day of the inexorable justice which dogs the steps of a guilty man. But we never remember to have seen a stronger proof of it than this, unless it was the death of Lee at Mountain Meadows. In old times the avenger of blood held it as a sacred duty to pursue the murderer, and the Erinnyes helped him with keen eyes whose sight reached around the world. We have given over the matter to the police, who certainly are not weighed with oppressive sacred duty and who see much worse than other people. Yet, by some mysterious pursuer sent by other hands than ours, the guilty man is followed and brought to justice at last.

CHOLERA RAVAGES IN INDIA.

50,000 Dead and thier Bodies Poisoning the Air.

Washington, May 15.—Information has been received at the Department of State from the Consul-General at Calcutta that Capt. Henry Small, his sister, Chief Officer Dyer and three seamen, of the American bark Edmond Phinney, died suddenly of cholera at Akyab on the 26th of March last. The cholera has prevailed to an alarming extent in the district about Chittagong and on the islands along the coast, which were inundated by the great storm wave on the 31st of October, 1876. More than fifty thousand deaths have been reported from cholera alone, and in addition to these there have been large numbers from pestilential fevers, attributed to the same general causes, the infection of the air and water by the decomposition of the multitudes of human beings and cattle which perished at that time. The state of things is likely to continue till the heavy rains carry off the remaining impurities.

THE WAR ON THE DANUBE.

200 Russian Vessels Seized by the Turks.

London May 17.—The Turks have captured two hundred vessels in the Danube, containing over 130,000 hectolitres of wheat.

A reconnoitering expedition of 500 Russian infantry crossed the Danube in a boat a little below Reni. The Turks allowed them to come well within range, when they opened such a heavy fire; the Russians were compelled to retreat to their boats with serious loss.

Severe musketry firing is heard on the other side of the Danube. Already the Turkish monitors are hurrying toward this spot, and the more advanced ones are taking up positions in front, or near to the point where the Russians hope to lay their pontoon bridges. To-night the scene on the Danube is indeed a magnificent one. Shells are bursting in the air, and distant camp fires lend enchantment to the scene, and signal rockets ascend and fall, and tell the story of the advancing forces. The cannonading grows heavier and heavier, and at this rate it will not take long to destroy Russchuk. The place is the weakest in the quadrangle of the Turkish fortresses. Further down the river the sky is reddened by the flames of burning Turtukai. The town has been fired by the Russian guns in Oltenritza. It will be comparatively easy for the Russians to cross at this point. The headquarters of the left wing are still at Ibrail. News has just reached us that Matschin, some five miles distant from that point, has been set on fire by the Russian artillery.

DISMISSION OF THE DEPUTIES.

Continued Repulses of the Russians in Asia—The Turks Strengthening Their Defenses Along the Line—No General Engagement Yet.

Constantinople, May 20.—An official bulletin announces that the Turkish forces operating near Sookgoom Kale were attacked by 5,000 Russians near Siel. The Turks completely annihilated a company of Cossacks. They took five prisoners besides some arms and provisions. The fighting continues.

The fleet has destroyed Bourgdjardjare. The Russians lost 300 killed and wounded in the skirmish near Kars.

The St. Petersburg newspaper, The New Time, recently published an article declaring that Russia is as much entitled to the right of passage to the Mediterranean by way of the Bosphorous and Dardanelles as England is to use the Suez Canal.

The Standard's Erzeroum dispatch says a decisive battle is expected in the Kanly Mountains.

The Standard's Constantinople special telegraphs: "I am afraid we are on the verge of another coup d'etat. The relations between the Porte and the Chamber are so strained that the Chamber will probably be closed. The deputies recently made a violent attack on the Porte, alleging that the financial envoy who was sent to London was corrupt. Of one hundred and two members all but two voted censuring the appointment.

The Russians attempted to regain Sookgoom Kale, but were repulsed with loss.

An attack on Kars was repulsed with heavy loss.

The Standard also has the following from various points: The Turks have sent reinforcements to Nikopolis to guard against any attempted passage of the Danube there.

On the first of June all traffic on Roumanian railways will be stopped to allow the passage of stores and siege artillery.

Czar will remain at Bucharest until the end of the war. He will witness the passage of the main body of the army.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

The Ardahan Victory.

London, May 21.—The fall of Ardahan is a great advantage to the Russians, for besides opening a new line of communication with Akhaltzik, it will enable the Russians to turn the force hitherto operating against Ardahan towards Kars, or to take part in a combined operation against Erzeroum.

Attack on Kars on Friday.

From Kars we have intelligence that yesterday the Russians attacked the outer line with furious determination, having preceded their attempt by a heavy but ill-directed cannonade from siege artillery. Powerful guns in Turkish batteries replied with better effect. The duel was vigorously maintained till the Russians brought up columns of infantry as close as they dared to the fortifications, apparently purposing, if possible, to take the place by storm. The Ottoman commander observing this, drew together a large body of troops behind the ramparts and launched a tremendous sortie upon the Russian flank and rear, under the shock of which the enemy were obliged to retreat into a disadvantageous position. A bloody engagement followed at close quarter, and at its termination the Russians were obliged to retreat, leaving upon the field 300 corpses and a large number of wounded. There was a slight encounter in the meantime between the cavalry, without any special result.

Roumania Declares War Against Turkey.

London, May 21.—A Bucharest dispatch announces that Roumania yesterday proclaimed her independence and declared war against Turkey, but will remain on the defensive.

NEURALGIC STORM BELTS.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a physician of Philadelphia, Pa., has recently conducted an important series of very interesting investigations with reference to the relations of bodily pain to the weather. It is an old popular idea that diseases and injuries of the bones, chronic rheumatisms, and ancient wounds produce a renewed pain on the approach of a storm; so much so, indeed, that persons thus inflicted frequently are able to predict impending changes of weather with remarkable accuracy. In the course of study of many of the curious symptoms belonging to the stumps of amputated limbs, Dr. Mitchell frequently encountered the above notion; and he became so impressed by the repeated testimony of patients, who stated that their comfort depended largely on the state of the weather, that he resolved to undertake careful research into the subject. He was fortunate enough to obtain the co operation of Captain Catlin, U. S. A., who had lost a leg in action during the war, and had become a sufferer of neuralgia in the stump, the pain seemingly residing in portions of the absent foot. This officer kept records of his painful sensations, in connection with the weather reports as shown by the Signal Service, for three years; and he prepared elaborate maps and charts, showing just how certain attacks corresponded to certain periods of barometric depression and other meteorological phenomena. In brief, he conducted his self-examination with an accuracy and scientific thoroughness which cannot be too highly commended.

The result now adduced by Dr. Mitchell is that there is every reason to believe that the popular view which relates some pain fits to storms has a distinct foundation; but that, as the single element of weather has not been detected, he is driven to believe that is the combination of atmospheric conditions which starts the pain into being. The separate factors of storms such as lessened pressure, rising temperature, greater humidity, and winds, appear as a rule to be unsuspected, when acting singly, to give rise to attacks of pain. Either it is, as above stated, a combination which provokes the pain, or it may be as yet unknown agency, acting alone. It was observed by Captain Catlin that his sensations of pain prevailed when the auroras was intense. Whether this was due to the magnetic or electric disturbance prevalent or to the succeeding storm, Dr. Mitchell thinks is questionable.

About the most striking conclusion reached is that relating to the neuralgic storm belt. Every storm, as it sweeps across the continent, consists of a vast rain area, at the centre of which is a moving space of greatest barometric depression known as the storm centre, along which the storm moves like a bead on a thread. The rain usually precedes this by 600 miles; but before and around the rain lies a belt, which may be called the neuralgic margin of the storm, and which precedes the rain by about 150 miles. This fact is very deceptive, because the sufferer may be on the far edge of the storm basin of barometric depression, and, seeing nothing of the rain, may yet have pain due the storm. "It is somewhat interesting," adds Dr. Mitchell, "to figure one's self thus—a moving area of rain girdled by a neuralgic belt 150 miles wide, within which, as it sweeps along in advance of the storm, prevail in the hurt and maimed limbs of men and in tender nerves and rheumatic joints, renewed torments called into existence by the stir and perturbation of the elements."—Scientific American.

A FATAL ECNOUNTER.

The following are the particulars of a homicide at Beallsville, Montgomery co., Md.

On Wednesday night, May 2, a smoke house was broken into and a quantity of meat stolen. Subsequently a valuable mule was stolen from the farm of Lemuel I. Beall. Mr. Beall, while speaking of the matter the next day to his neighbors, stated that he believed that one Henson Ames, a noted desperado, and of whom the residents of Beallsville stood in great fear, had committed the thefts. Later in the day Ames called at a store near the house of Mr. Beall, kept by a gentleman named John Belt, and asked for Mr. Beall, and said further that he intended to kill him for having charged him with robbing the smoke-house and stealing the mule. He left the store, and Mr. Beall called and was informed of the facts. Mr. Beall said he based his charge of mule stealing upon the fact that Ames, who had been employed by him (Beall), was the only one likely to carry the mule off, being so thoroughly acquainted with his habits. Ames, armed with a stout cudgel, a murderous weapon, cut from a green sapling, appeared at the store again late on Thursday afternoon, and inquired for Mr. Beall, and said that he had cut the club to kill him with. Mr. Beall being aware of the facts, kept in his house all night, and would not be induced to leave it until Friday morning, about sunrise.

At that hour Ames, armed with his club, called at the house and demanded that Beall come out. Beall, arming himself with a revolver, went out and met Ames, who rushed forward and dealt Beall a murderous blow on the head with a club. Beall raised the pistol, pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire and Ames again dealt his victim another deadly blow upon the cheek bone. This blow was followed up by another and another, and Beall attempted the second time to shoot Ames, but again the pistol missed fire, at which Mr. Beall threw the pistol to the ground and it was immediately discharged. Ames continued to pour in a shower of heavy blows.

Beall then as a last resource closed in upon his adversary, and with an adroit movement, that no doubt saved his life, struck Ames a powerful blow just under chin, causing Ames to fall backwards heavily and breaking his neck. He expired instantly, the fight having lasted thirty minutes. At the time there had collected about Beall's stable, where the affair transpired, half a dozen persons, who, although able to overpower Ames, were afraid to do so. After the reconunion of the struggle Mr. Beall got on his horse and rode to Poolsville, five miles distant, and gave himself up.

The town of Cresswell, N. C., was totally destroyed by fire on Friday night last. All the United States mails in the post-office were consumed. There was but little insurance held in the town by the property holders, and the greatest distress prevails

Private Sale.

A Choice Farm and House and Lot.

The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp, Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty three acres more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running throughthe farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never-failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high almost new; a frame bank barn, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm. Also one House and lot Situated in Boalsburg, Centre co., the house is two stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also two acres and 123 perches of excellent land situate near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg within two squares of above house.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. 30 nov 3m.

ANCHORED

AT OAK HALL.

6TH AND MARKET

STILL TO BE HEADQUARTERS FOR

CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

IN THE OLD PLACE AT THE OLD TRADE.

All the best talent, experience and advantages we can command, continued at OAK HALL, to produce the BEST and CHEAPEST CLOTHING for man and boy.

For sixteen years we have lived at the old corner of SIXTH and MARKET, and the business done there has been so satisfactory to the public and ourselves, that we have decided not to change or move the Clothing business away. The people like the place and we like to please the people, and we believe that we can do it better than ever at the old place.

The sales of the past year far surpassed anything we ever dreamed of, and this puts it in our power to start the Spring of 1877 with a STILL LOWER SCALE OF PRICES, and a class of goods so excellent that we are not afraid to follow such sale with our warrantee, or receive back the goods unworn and hand over to the customer the money paid.

The store has been largely refitted, and there never was such a splendid stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing under the roof, nor were we ever able to sell so cheaply. Our word for it, and we are your friends of sixteen years.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

THE OLD PLACE, 6th & Market. PHILADELPHIA.

HARDWARE

WILSON & M'FARLANE.

NEW AND CHEAP

HARDWARE STORE.

P. S. WILSON. ROB'T M'FARLANE. BELLEFONTE, PA.

We have opened a new and complete stock bought in New York and Philadelphia, from the manufacturers from first hands at extremely low prices, which we will sell at the lowest bottom prices, which we will give the people the advantage of. We say and will satisfy that we are the

Cheapest Hardware Store in the country. We have a complete stock of Ranges, Heaters, Parlor and Cook Stoves. Each Stove guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect.

Bar-iron, Nails, Horse-shoes, Norway Nail Rods, warranted of the best quality, We claim we have the best Pure Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, ever offered and the cheapest. Our Stock of Coach and Wagon Materials are of a very superior quality, and cheap. We will sell Saddlery goods as low as they can buy them in Phila. We will keep all kinds of Farmers Implements, Cultivators, Shovels, Plows, Pumps, Picture Frames, Moulding, Mirrors, Toilet Setts,

Children's buggies, Wagons of all sizes, Oil Cloths, Tubs, Buckets, and Churns,

We have in connection a Tin Shop, Mr. Smith, foreman, in which we manufacture all kinds of Tinware.

Spouting made and put up of the best quality of tin at the lowest prices.

Call and see us and we will substantiate what we advertise, as we shall take pleasure in showing our stock.

Rooms No. 7 and 8, Humes Block, 6 doors north of Post Office, Bellefonte.

WILSON & McFARLANE,

5ap3m

GRAIN ELEVATOR

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHEST PRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT, CORN, RYE, OATS, CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT

BELEFONTE, PA.

DUNKLE & AUMAN.

House, Sign, and ORNAMENLAL PAINTERS,

Respectfully announce that they are prePared to do all kinds of work in their line of business, in the neatest and best style. All kinds of

GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, AND CALCIMINING, PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Calcimining a specialty. All orders by mail receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed. Charges most reasonable.

J. N. DUNKLE & CO., Spring Mills, Pa.

Chas. H. Held,

Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

All kinds of clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm Wolf's store.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract tooth absolutely without pain. my8-73tf

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU, THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN, TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.

We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.

We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.

We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.

We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts

We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.

We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3,00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3,00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3,00.

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50

We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts

We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts

We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents

We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50

In fact we are selling everything at prices that will convince all that we have touched the very bottom—no trouble to show goods for the purpose of comparing prices. S. & A. LOEB.

IMPORTAN TO TRAVELERS.

—THE—

BUSH HOUES!

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Has been recently thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the New Proprietor, Mr. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburg, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at court and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The largest and most superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

All modern conveniences. Go try the Bush house.

19ap F. D. McCOLLUM, Proprietor.

IRA T. COTTLE.

Fashionable Tailor.

Centre Hall.

Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Gift & Flory's building he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments,

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY MAY 24, 1877.

☞ TERMS.—*$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 880, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 457, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P. of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. G. W. Boal, Sec't.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——STORE ROOM FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the store-room, known as Herlacher's old stand, at Centre Hall, for rent. The stand is a desirable one in all respects. Possession can be had any time after April 1st, by applying to J. HENRY KELLER at Centre Hall. tf.

——FOR SALE AT HALF PRICE.—A good new platform Spring Wagon, for 1 or 2 horses, A good sound mare, 6 years old. Also a good single harness. Will sell all together or separate. Will sell at half price. R. P. BARNES,
10m. 4t. Pleasant Gap. Pa.

——FOR SALE.—a new Golden Tongue Organ, warranted. Will be sold very low. Inquire at this office. tf.

☞ HAY FOR SALE.—From 10 to 15 tons first-class Timothy hay for sale. Price, $12 per ton. DANIEL HESS,
May 1.3t Linden Hall.

——Clothing goes at about half price at Newman's.

——Esq. Deininger, brother of the quill, from Millheim, paid our sanctum a visit the other day'

——Joe Parker, of Lewistown, has been admitted to the Philadelphia bar and located in that city.

——Wallace Duncan has the appointment as agent for the Spring Mills railroad station. We congratulate our young friend Wallace upon his appointment. It gives general satisfaction, and is one of the best that could have been made. Mr. Rodgers, of Aaronsburg will be agant at Coburn (Forks) station. He is a gentleman qualified for the position.

——Frank Green, in the Bush house, is the oldest druggist in the county, with one of the most complete drug establishments this side of Philadelphia, in drugs, chemicals, standard patent medicines, toilet articles, all kinds of fishing tackle, etc.

——"Yes, of course," said one woman to another, a few days ago, "go right into Hassenplug's new store, at Spring Mills, if you want to see a large and splendid stock of goods sold at a trifle above wholesale.

Owls are of immense service as vermin destroyers. An English gamekeeper found an owl's nest with one young bird in it. He visited it for thirty consecutive mornings, and in that time removed from it 105 rats, 49 mice, 11 shrew mice, 2 robins, and 1 sparrow. This was, and well it might have been, over and above what the owl's consumption demanded

——The day express has been taken off the road from Lock Haven to Tyrone, and in its place the Watchman says a passenger car has been attached to the local freight from Lock Haven to Bellefonte. The mail train runs as usual. Passengers cannot go to Tyrone and return same day, —the train goes up in the afternoon and returns in the morning.

——Among the most valuable home medicines, of actual worth for certain complaints, are some invented by Frank Green, of Bellefonte, and they are becoming standards wherever used and introduced.

——If grain keeps going up and bread becomes dear, you can more than make it up by purchasing your groceries, pure and fresh, of Sechler & Co., whereby you can save money. They keep everything you need, and are the most obliging men you can find to deal with.

——The old firm of C. Curtin & Co. have retired from the management of the Eagle Iron Works, Bellefonte, and the boys—Austin, Andrew G. Jr., James B. and Harry—have stepped into their places under the firm name of Curtin & Co.

— Parlor suits, all styles, home-made and city, very low, at J. C. Brackbill's, jr. Bellefonte

——Last week a gentleman surveying on Big Mountain, Sugar valley, came across the carcasses of two bucks which had evidently killed each other in battle, as their horns were so firmly locked together that it was impossible to separate them. These fellows evidently didn't know it was against the law to kill "deer" at this season of the year.

——In Chest township, Clearfield county, two men recently got into a quarrel on the porch of the hotel kept by George W. Davis, in New Washington borough, when it is alleged, Micheals struck Witherow on the side of the head, the force of the blow knocking him down and causing instant death.

——The contractor, Mr. Hughes, has chosen cur young friend, Charles Smith, of near Woodward, as foreman on the carpenter work for the new Pennsvalley bank now in progress of erection here. Mr. Smith is an experienced mechanic.

——At Wm. Wolf's are for sale Knapp's patent curtain fixtures, advertised in another column of the Reporter. They are the most convenient out. tf.

——Many of the Pianos and Organs now manufactured will contrast well with some watches we have examined, having a massive, highly embelished case, and when you ask them what time it is, they don't know, something is the matter with the movement. Such is not however the case with the Beatty instruments, manufactured at Washington, N. J., the movement, durability and tone, is the first consideration, and then the case constructed according to price. 1m

——Groceries down to cash prices at Sechler's, where they keep the best.

——By using the Varnish Gloss Polish, you can instantly make any article of furniture look new and fresh, it is easily applied and dries immediately—have found this upon trying it, and recommend the article. Mr. J. F. Moffitt is now in the county selling this useful article. 3t.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will hear appeals from assessments of 1877 for the different townships and boroughs in said county, on the following days, at the places for holding elections in townships and boroughs, to wit:

Patton, Monday 21 of May.
Half Moon, Tuesday 22.
Ferguson, Wednesday 23.
Harris, Thursday 24.
College, Friday 25.
Potter, Saturday 26.
Gregg, Monday 28.
Penn, Tuesday 29.
Haines, Wednesday 30.
Miles, Thursday 31.
Walker, Friday 1, of June.
Marion, Saturday 2.
Liberty, Tuesday 5.
Howard tp, and Bero, Wednesday 6.
Curtin, Thursday 7.
Boggs, Friday 8.
Milesburg, Saturday 9.
Union, Monday 11.
Huston, Tuesday 12.
Worth, Wednesday 13.
Taylor, Thursday 14 at House of John [Copenhaver.
Rush, Friday 15,
Philipsburg, Saturday 16.
Burnside, Monday 18.
Snow Shoe, Tuesday 19.
Benner, Wednesday 20.
Spring, Thursday 21.
Bellefonte, Friday 22 & 23.

From 9 o'clock a. m., to 4 o'clock p. m., each day. The assessors with their assistants are required to be present and have their assessments there.

H BECK. AND. GREGG.
Clerk. H. A. MINGLE,
J. N. HALL.
7t Comr's

——Any kind of marble furnished from Heisler's Works, at Bellefonte, where the finest taste and best skill is displayed in all jobs that go out from there,

——The viewers, to run the line for the formation of two election precincts in Potter township, performed their duties on last Friday, 19. They started at Gregg twp. line, about 100 rods east of John Grove's and proceeded west to the Harris twp. line. Our Potter township readers may form some conception of the line from the following names close to the line and falling into the northern or southern precinct; namely,

SOUTH OF THE LINK.

Mich. Duck, J. S. Dauberman, Henry Royer, W. A. Kerr, Jas. Sweetwood, P. Smith, J. P. Runkle, Centre Hill, R. Lee, Felix Burkholder, C. Rossman on Rishel's farm. Jacob Runkle, Jno. Lee, sr., W. W. Love est., J. H. Stoner, James Runkle, Jno. Love, James M'Clellan, John Kline, —— Ditzler, and —— Taylor.

NORTH OF THE LINK.

John Grove, Wm. Lucas, M. Strohm, John Rishel, John Wagner, Mrs. Spangler, John Bitner, Wm. Goheen, Lot Kimport.

The southern precinct will have from 70 to 80 voters more than the northern.

——If it were left to a vote of the people of this county to-day—male and female—it would be decided by a majority of at least 13,469, that the best place to buy good groceries is in the Bush house block, Bellefonte, where Sechlers do business and constantly send their good, pure, fresh and wholesome groceries out into all nooks and corners of the county. This we have gathered from popular opinion privately expressed, and all the returning boards in creation could not count them out.

——All the handsomest work in the Bellefonte, Centre Hall, and other cemeteries in this county, whether in monuments, couches, or headstones, is turned out by the skilled hands in Heisler's Marble Works, and cheaper than elsewhere.

——It is astonishing, yet it is true, for we have seen it, you can buy a full suit of clothes for $4 at Newman's, and a good article at that. Boys' suits from $3.50 to $4.50.

——Now then, here is a recipe for any of our matrimonial readers, who may quarrel, and then wish to become "turtle doves" again: A Parisian and his wife quarrelled. "I shall drown myself," she finally cried out, exasperated. "Go, if I am all that deters you," he answered. Still, he followed her, and when she threw herself into the Seine, plunged in and brought her to land. As he was climbing up the bank, however, he slipped back into the river, and being exhausted by his previous exertion, was unable to save himself. His wife seeing his situation plunged in after him, but as she could not swim, that was of no avail, and both must have been drowned had it not been for the timely arrival of some policemen, who pulled them out. The pair went home like two turtle doves.

——The Selinsgrove Times says shad are hauled about Sunbury and Northumberland a day or two, and then what remain unsold are brought to its 'grove. We judge the citizens of Seelysteadle can not be very particular about their fish, if such find a market there. We won't order shad when we stop at Selinsgrove.

——Godey for June is a most delightful number. The steel engraving, "The Country Beau" is a charming picture, while the large and handsome fashion plate, and the numerous other engravings tend to attract an interest the reader. Godey alway was and ever will be a favorite with the ladies.

——Harper's Magazine for June is a beautiful number; and for the uniform excellence of its illustrations and the variety and interest of its reading-matter, it descryes comment as being a step in advance of anything hitherto undertaken.

——Don't forget Decoration day, May 30. The citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity will decorate the graves of departed soldiers buried here, as a tribute to their patriotism. They died that the country might live. Let their names ever be green in our memories. Let all who can, be here on Wednesday, afternoon next, and participate in the ceremonies

——Weather very warm a few days, with occasional showers, up to Wednesday, when it was cool.

——Yony Deininger can sell you any thing in the hardware line, low as elsewhere.

——The Lewistowners have voted in favor of a steam fire engine. They have had their big fire, of course now an engine.

——At J. O Deininger's you can buy Motto Frames from 30 cts up; Mottoes, 5 cts. 3t.

——Diphtheria has been the cause of the death of five children of Samuel Eisenhart of Ringtown, Schuylkill county, within two weeks. Three were buried in one grave.

——Never read manuscript, or copy, lying upon the compositer's stand in a printing office—it is as ill-mannered as to look over a man's shoulder to read a letter he is holding. No one need know what is to be inserted in a newspaper, until the paper makes its appearance

——Cowher's mill wagon visits Centre Hall twice a week—quite an accommodation.

——Nice thunder shower Thursday afternoon, 17.

——The Penns Valley Institute, in this place, under Prof. Fortney, is in a flourishing condition.

——Shad have been caught at Selinsgrove.

——In York county wages are down to 50 cents a day and board. That's too little.

——All kinds of furniture, the best home-made as well as city manufacture, always on hand at J. C. Brachbill's rooms, Bellefonte, at prices to suit all.

——Dead Shot Pain Destroyer kills pain in from 1 to 20 minutes. An excellent medicine, for which J. R. Cross is general agent. Sold at Miller's drug store.

——NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek RR. Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 233 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, June 12, 1877, at 12 o'clock, m.

Election for President and Directors same day and place.

JAMES R. MCCLURE,
24 may3t Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING OF POTTER SCHOOL BOARD.

The Board of School Directors of Potter School District will meet at Old Fert, on Monday, June 4th, at 9 o'clock, a. m. to examine the Treasurer's account, and attend to such other business as may come before them. All persons interested are requested to attend.

The directors elect will meet at 1 o'clock, p. m., to organize a new Board. also the township Auditors and Clerk to examine the School Treasurer's account.

By order of the Board,
W. A. KERR,
17may3t. Secretary.

The death, at 54, lately occurred of an Englishman, known as the Norfolk giant He was a farmer, and often loaded his own wagon by carrying four bushels of wheat under each arm at a time. When in great haste to get farm work done he has been known to harness himself to one of his own harrows. His weight was 336 pounds; height 6 feet 6 inches; width, from shoulder to shoulder across the back, 20 inches. He was a most amiable man.

Pottsville, Pa., May 19.—The forest fires have been spreading rapidly between the Shenandoah and Mahanoy planes during the week. This afternoon the bridge near Frackville, the timbers of which were smouldering, gave way while the Shenandoah stage was passing over it and an unknown man, who was on the bridge at the time, was crushed to death. The stage passengers escaped.

PENN'S VALLEY INSTITUTE

DEAR EDITOR: The annexed is a report of the standing, in class, of each student in attendance at the Institute, for the week ending May 18, inst. The figures opposite the names indicate the general average.

Boal, Sallie,	73.	Boal, Jennie,	77.
Boal, Bessie,	78.	Boop, D. A.,	81.
Rouse, G. M.,	59.	Dinges, Clevan,	78.
Emerick, C. E.,	80.	Farner, N. M.,	80
Foreman, F. A.,	94.	Foreman, D. R.,	94
Fortney, D. G.,	84	Harpster, Isaac,	78.
Heffer, P. S.,	67.	Heffer, Allie,	71.
Keller, Wm.,	85.	Krumbine, Sam.	84.
Kurtz, Wm. L.,	87.	Kurtz, Charles,	64.
Lingle, Blanche,	89.	Miller, Edward,	40
Murray, Cora,	86.	Neff, Jas. I.,	81
Ossman, W. F.,	93.	Reesman, Katie,	80.
Runkle, A. N.,	75.	Smith, S. W.,	77.
Smith, John,	72.	Stahl, C. W.,	55.
Spangler, R.,	80.		

While the numbers in the report are, for the most part, satisfactory, yet there are some that do not "fill the bill," as laid down by myself, and certainly not as required by the parents. I hope to secure the co-operation necessary to remove this discreditable standing, by issuing a weekly, or monthly exhibit of the kind above given. The patrons of the school are respectfully requested to attend any of the exercises at their pleasure. If the community is alive to its own interest, "Penn's Valley Institute" will be heartily and well sustained; the friends of education have this matter in their own hands; will the opportunity be improved?

Respectfully,
G. W. FORTNEY.

England is still making preparations for war, and as though she were going into a big fight. Austria is also getting into shape for something of the kind, and Germany is doubling up her fists too. France just now seems to be getting into trouble at home which may keep her out if the big fight among the other nations commences on account of the Turko Russian war.

TROUBLE IN FRANCE.

France gets up revolutions on shorter notice than any other nation on the globe, and they never are any thing but serious and bloody and invariably of short duration. Things just now look like a new revolution in that country, and before this issue of the Reporter reaches its readers, great events may have transpired in Paris, or the danger may have passed away. A despatch was received on 18, at Washington, from Minister Washburne at Paris, stating that a revolution in France was so imminent that he deemed it advisable to telegraph the situation without delay. It was thought to be serious here this morning, when the temper of President MacMahon's letter to Jules Simon was confirmed, and this afternoon the prorouging of the Chamber by the formen's orders for one month was regarded as adding to it, though it was done by availing himself of a clause in the Constitution providing that the Chamber could be adjourned for that time. It will reassemble, it is thought here, only to be dissolved for the inevitable struggle, unless a revolution is as imminent as Minister Washburne believes.

Another despatch from Paris says: There was great excitement in Paris and in the provinces last night and to-day, but no disturbances.

The Temps quotes a threatening article from the St. Petersburg official Gazette, which points significantly to a war of revenge against Germany.

The Times, in a leading article commenting on the situation in France, says: "In the end the Left may even strengthen the republic, if they display a command of temper and respect for the law. A single riot in the street might do irreparable mischief by giving a pretext for a display of military rigor."

Uneasiness prevails among the supporters of the new Ministry. It is feared dissolution would narrew the issue to MacMahon and Gambetta, and that the country would declare for Gambetta.

The Standard's Versailles special says the scene in the Chamber when M. de Fourton appeared in the tribune to read the message is indescribable. The Right applauded and the left hooted and yelled. Exclamations of fearful rage and insults were exchanged for ten minutes. Some members were actually scuffling with one another.

HUNDREDS OF PERSONS HOMELESS.

Wood's Falls, N. Y., May 16.—Terrible forest fires raging in this vicinity, and have rendered hundreds of persons homeless. At Stackpole Forge, Cannon's Corners and Centreville, where the fires rage the fiercest, the people are fleeing in every direction, frequently barely escaping with their lives. At the latter place twenty-seven dwellings, with barns attached to most of them, six sawmills, two stores and one church were swept away.

At Champlain large quantities of provisions and necessary clothing have been contributed by citizens. The entire country is enveloped in dense smoke. It is stated there were many families living in the woodlands where the fires have raged so fearfully, and that undoubtedly many persons have perished while attempting to save their houses.

DISTRESS CAUSED BY FOREST FIRES.

Watertown, N. Y., May 18.—Harrowing accounts of suffering and destitution come from the burned district in Clinton county. Sixty families near Cannon's Corners are destitute of everything but the clothes on their back. Food is being sent to them from all directions. A large tract of rich farming country has been swept clean of building, fences, trees and stock. The crops that had been put in the ground are destroyed, and the people are utterly destitute, helpless and without resources.

BOSTON'S RATTLESNAKE AND RAT.

[From the Boston Post.]

A short time since one of the members of a prominent Boston manufacturing firm spent a few weeks hunting in Florida, and on his return he brought with him a monster rattlesnake, the gift of a friend. His snakeship measured about five feet in length, and has a body the size of a man's arm, the white, yellow and brown cuticle blending rather beautifully in patches of various forms. The heavy triangular head, characteristic of venomous reptiles, has a sinister expression, and in moments of excitement the five rattles on his tail keep up an unpleasantly suggestive whirring, while a forked tongue of inky blackness and surprising length darts angrily from his turtle-like mouth. He is no sleepy, half-starved fellow, as may readily be imagined, but wide awake and ready for an encounter of any kind. It was into the cage occupied by this snake that three days since, a small sized wharf rat was introduced, in the expectation that the rodent would form a meal for the stranger. The snake seemed to think so, too, for he darted on the unwilling visitor and caught him by the neck. The rat, who had hitherto been running around the cage trying to get out, gave a sharp squeal as he felt the serpent's fangs, and, twisting about, buried his teeth in the scaly jaw of the aggressor. The snake writhed and twisted and rattled sharp notes of alarm as the rat kept his sharp incisors at work, and before the spectators could fairly comprehend what had happened the little quadruped had shaken himself loose and was hopping in affright at the further end of the cage for a means of exit. To the surprise of all, he showed no effect of poison, and when the snake again made a grab at him he met his creeping foe half way and snipped off a piece of his long forked tongue. This seemed to be rather more than the Floridian had bargained for, and he dragged himself into a corner, cast down and defeated. Since that time the rat has flourished in his strange quarters. He capers over the body of his whilom enemy, and avoids the punch of a stick by creeping under the head of the snake. The rat seems perfectly indifferent as regards the reptile and when the latter, aroused to a high degree of anger by outsiders, makes a strike at him, he hardly takes the trouble to dodge, and only bites back when the rattler is unusually offensive. It is a singular condition of things, and the rat's immunity from death cannot be very easily accounted for.

A FORT WAYNE SENSATION.—A dispatch from Fort Wayne, Indiana, says:

"A short time ago Mr. Daniel Ammon, who had resided in Fort Wayne for the past 18 years, died at the advanced age of seventy-one. He was the owner of considerable property, including the Opera House, and was well known in the city. This morning Mrs. Ammon, who had been recognized as the wife of the deceased, during the entire eighteen years of his residence in Fort Wayne, applied to be appointed administratrix of his estate, when the appointment was resisted on the ground that he had another wife living in Northumberland county, Pa., to whom he was married in 1829, and from whom he had never been divorced, and that he had three children by that wife living, one of whom, Samuel Ammon, of Steubenville Ohio, resists the appointment of Sarah Ammon, of this city, as administratrix, and files a long affidavit to the effect above stated. Sarah Ammon claims that she is the only lawful wife of the deceased, and asks for time to gather evidence, which was granted, and the case set for hearing on the 8th of May. The case causes a decided sensation."

To this the Miltonian adds the following:

The second wife in the article above alluded to was in Milton yesterday. She had been to see wife No. 1, living in the upper end of the county. She says Mr. Ammon was a kind and affectionate husband during the sixteen years she lived with him, and that she was never so astonished in her life as when the son of the first wife stepped up to her the day her husband died and informed her that he had come to take charge of his father's estate. She has four children, and her case is a sad one. The first wife says her husband had trouble about another woman and left her and she has never seen him since. Mrs. Ammon No. 2 left for Ohio to-day.

Sinking Creek Mills.

This old, and well-known Grist-mill, in Potter township, is now superintended by Mr. D. M. COWHER, one of the best experienced millers in Central Penna. who has rendered the utmost satisfaction wherever he has been, and understands the milling business thoroughly. He WARRANTS HIS FLOUR, and all other work, sent out from Sinking Creek Mills, to give satisfaction, as to quantity and quality. If you want good bread let Mr Cowher furnish your Grist. Grists delivered to Centre Hall twice a week by mill wagon.

Housekeepers, give Mr. Cowher a trial, and satisfy yourselves of the great superiority of the flour manufactured by him.
24 may 3m.

MARRIED.

On the 9th instant, at the residence of the bride's parents, Main street, Lock Haven, by Rev S. Creighton, Dr. J. C. Entriv, of Bellefonte, and Miss Fanny E. Laverty, of Lock Haven.

DIED.

On 13, near Freeport, Ill., John J. Lamb, aged 60 years, 2 months, 20 days.

On the 3rd of Feb. last, the wife of the above (Mrs. Jane D. Lamb) departed this life, bidding her husband not to sorrow for her; that she would await his coming to meet her in that better land. How very soon God saw fit to call her to Heaven, has permitted them in that haven of eternal rest,—an adopted daughter being the only one of the family left to mourn for them. The subject of the above notice was taken with a chill while in church, on Sabbath last, 6th, which resulted in congestion of the lungs, which did its fatal work in less than one week. The writer of the above was at his bedside during his last hours which ended at 4.45, a. m., and can assure his many friends that he died in the triumph of a living faith in the blessed master. S.

On 12, inst., near Penn Hall, Mrs. Fayetta, wife of John F. Heckman, aged 40 years, 6 months, and 1 day.

Although Mrs. Heckman had suffered long and severely, the messenger of death came at a time and under circumstances least expected; up to a few days of her death she had been in her usual health, but death came suddenly and finished his work. The deceased was a consistent member of the Reformed church, and when her last hour came, she was ready for it. The bereaved family have sustained a loss which nothing but divine grace can heal. We commend them to that comforter, who is able to heal every wound ed and broken heart. Earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal. J. G. S.

On 17, in Ferguson twp, George W. Meek, aged 78 years.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, May 22.—Flour dull and lower; Minnesota family, $5@5 50; Pennsylvania do., 5 50@5 75; high grades 10@12

Wheat quiet, weak. Penna red 2; amber, 2 05; white 2 15@2 20. Rye dull nominal 95@97c. Oats quiet white, 52@54c. Butter quiet; New York and Bradford county extras, 25@25c; western do., 23@ 25c. Cheese steady; New York fancy, 14@15c; western fine, 14@14c. Eggs firm; Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware fresh at 13½; western do., 13@ 13½.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—May 22 by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $10 50.
" retail, $11 00.
White wheat, 1 90.
Red " 1 90
Rye, 75.
Corn, shelled, 50.
Corn, ear, 45.
Oats, 35.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $5 per 60 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 1 00
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 50.
Anthracite coal:
Chestnut per ton at yard, $5 00.
Small stove, " $5 25.
Stove, " $5 25.
Egg, " $5 00.
Broken, " $5 00.

Choice Farm
FOR SALE!

The undersigned offer the following choice homestead, near Linden Hall, at private sale. Consisting of

19 ACRES OF LAND,

under fences and in a high state of cultivation. Thereon are erected a 2-STORY BRICK HOUSE, Bank Barn, all necessary outbuildings, with choice fruit on the premises, a cistern and a never-failing stream of running water.

This property is desirably located about ½ mile from L. C. & S. C. RR., and offers a fine opportunity for any one wishing to retire upon a small farm.

For further particulars apply to
D. C. GUTGERICK,
ANNA GINGERICK,
17may3m. Linden Hall, Pa.

Also, a new 2 horse wagon, guaranteed in every respect, for sale, or taken in exchange for young cattle

GO TO

NEWMAN'S EAGLE CLOTHING HALL,
NEWMAN'S EAGLE CLOTHING HALL,
NEWMAN'S EAGLE CLOTHING HALL,

FOR IT IS THE PLACE FOR

More and better goods for less money than anywhere else in Central Pennsylvania.

J. NEWMAN, JR., Proprietor.

Allegheny Street, Sands' Building BELLEFONTE, PA.

19 ap8m

THOS. A. HICKS. H. K. HICKS.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

To the Public:

We believe there is going to be a general revival of business of all kinds, and especially in our line, for Hardware was never lower than at the present time. It has been on a gradual decline for years, and is certainly at the bottom now.

We have bought A LARGE STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS at these low figures, and we intend to sell at lower prices than Hardware was, or ever will be, offered in Bellefonte. This is the time to buy, for you can positively get bargains from us. We defy competition, either in prices or quality of goods. We intend that no one shall undersell us. We have been barely keeping up the variety for some time back in order to take advantage of the low figures at the right time.

We have now on hand 300 kegs of NAILS, over 100 Doz. DOOR LOCKS AND LATCHES, and GLASS, SHOVELS, HOES, FORKS, and all kinds of leading goods in proportion, which we propose to sell at the lowest CASH prices.

We have a very full line of COACH MAKERS GOODS, all kinds of WOOD WORK, and PATENT and PLAIN WHEELS, CIRCLES, SHACKLES, DRILLING, ETC., for Mechanics, and Carpenters, at lowest prices. All kinds of Mechanics' Tools at bottom figures.

FOR BLACKSMITHS—We have a Norway Rod that we warrant and sell on trial. Vices and Bellows, and best Charcoal Iron; also Common Iron that is usually sold at very low prices. FOR PAINTERS—We offer special inducements in Pure Lead, Oils, Brushes, Etc.

We have the sole agency for the celebrated Imperial Cast Steel Ohio Plows, formerly sold by Burnside & Thomas. They are warranted to give satisfaction. We also keep a full line of repairs for them.

We have a very full line of COOK STOVES and give a written guarantee with each one, if wanted. Will cheerfully give any one our lowest prices who wants them through the mail.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.,
Allegheny St., opposite Loeb's Store.

Cheapest of All!!
Largest of All!
BEST OF ALL!!!

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wolf's Old Stand.

AT

AT CENTRE HALL,

OVER 5000 YARDS OF CALICO, WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THIS SECTION.

We have the Goods! Prices Low! Selection Unsurpassed!

And we now extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons, and the public generally. Come! we will show you the

BEST SELECTED STOCK,

At prices lower than usual.

A full line of Dry-Goods,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Wood and Willow Ware, Hats and Caps, and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above lines.

A LARGE STOCK OF
READY - MADE CLOTHING
constantly on hand.

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

WM. WOLF.

REVOLUTION!

The great revolution in the prices of Books and Stationery still continues to work wonders. Everybody is astonished at the low prices have ceased to reign, as witness the following, selected as examples: White Perforated Bristol Board, 3c per sheet; Note Paper, 5c each, or 6 for 25c; Envelopes, 5c per pack of 25; Pocket books, every style and quality, 12c and upward. Motto Frames, with glass, 30, 35, 40 and 45c; Pocket knives, every style and quality, 12c and upward. Stereoscopes, with one doz. views, all for 75c. Copies of any description at cost. Fancy box paper, of this, 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes, all for 15 cts.

REVOLUTION!

WALL PAPER

at prices greatly reduced. The stock is very complete and selling for cash at 7, 9, 11, 12½ and 14 cts. Call soon while the assortment is complete.

CONFECTIONERY.

A fine assortment of the choicest Confectionery, fresh from the manufactories, just received at Welch's.

CHINA WARE AT COST.

A splendid set of French China ware, with gold band 44 pieces, price reduced from $20 to $14. A set English China, 44 pieces, price reduced from $12 to $8. Call and see them at Welch's.

JAMES WELCH.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Catharine Peters, widow, late of Potter, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement. SAM'L ROYER, Executor.
may 17

IN THE MATTER of the estate of C. BECKWITH, dec'd. Exceptions to the account of A. R. Barlow, Executor.

The Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre county, to hear and pass upon the exceptions to the account of A. R. Barlow, executor of C. Beckwith, dec'd, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Friday, the 8th day of June, 1877, at ten o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

DAVID F. FORTNEY,
17m 3t. Auditor.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT of Centre county. In the matter of the exceptions to the account of Geo. R. Boak, administrator of James R. Boak.

The Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the said account, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 6th day of June, 1877, at ten o'clock a. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

DAVID F. FORTNEY,
17may3t Auditor.

SPRING OPENING OF
BONNETS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY,
At Miss LUCY DEININGER'S,
in Centre Hall,

who has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of new Bonnets, new Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. 10may4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Lingle, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent, are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them, authenticated for settlement. HENRY LINGLE,
Adm'r
ap26 6t Spring Mills.

A carriage containing five persons was struck by a railroad train near Pompton, New Jersey, Wednesday evening. Simon Demorest, Miss Taylor of Paterson, and a young man were killed, and the other two fatally injured.

It seems that a clue is had to the perpetrator of the murder at Elm station.

SPRING, - - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

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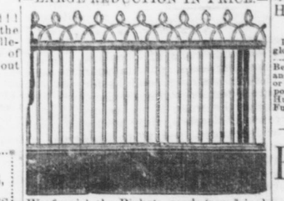

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DRUGS & MEDICINES,
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VELORE VERE.

A dazzle of golden hair, the gleam of eyes heavenly blue, sweeping lengths of pale, lustrous silk, and a smile that was the very radiance of all beauty; this is what illuminated, for an instant, the dark old hall of the hotel at Westwold. I hurriedly touched Sloewick's arm, and the vision passed.

"It is Miss Vere," he said.

"And is she stopping here?"

"They came in the stage this morning—Miss Vere and her father."

I took a turn upon the piazza and came back again.

"Why does a woman like that come here, Sloewick?"

"It's quiet, healthy, and out of the way of all excitement. The old gentleman has been ill, and Miss Velore is devoted to her father."

"You know them, then?"

"Not much now-a-days. We used to go to dancing school together when we were children."

"Sloewick," I exclaimed, "you don't say you are a dancing man?"

"Not eminently," he replied, with a smile and a frown.

He didn't look like it, certainly, with his gloomy black eyes, his neglected black hair, and his rusty dress. I had been told at the commencement of my acquaintance with Sloewick that he used to be a great beau, but since my association with him he had been so taciturn, unchivalrous, and negligent of his toilet, that I had quite forgotten the rumor.

At sunset that evening, Miss Vere sat on the piazza with her father. Sloewick gave me an introduction, and went away. I wondered at his declining the seat she kindly offered him, yet he looked very shabby and uninviting in aspect, going away through the trees.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "something has happened to mar his fortunes. Miss Vere looks after him with a glance of perplexity. I presume she used to find him agreeable. Well, let him keep his secret. He has trouble enough, I dare say. It must be mortification that gives him such savage moods."

And so I dismissed the subject, and turned to Miss Vere's sapphire eyes.

"We will stay all summer, if papa's health improves," she said.

Her father was fond of her. She seemed the light of his life. She read to him, sang to him, walked with him, drove with him. At table she prepared his food, while he waited like a child. She arranged his diet, superintended his toilet, tyrannized over him with a fairy willfulness that was yet beautiful and tender.

Like all other men, I loved her. Like all women, I wondered she was kind to me. She did not coquette with me. She neither scorned nor encouraged me. She thought that by-and-bye I would understand that it was impossible.

We were walking in the fields one evening, Mr. Vere, his daughter and I. The sun was going down, and cast red shadows on the river, the little brown boats rocking on its bosom, the children playing on its banks and among the trees.

"Now, papa," said Velore, "isn't this a thousand times nicer than Long Branch?"

Her father smiled and nodded—satisfied with anything that pleased her.

"It is so pleasant, papa," she continued, "that I think Helen had better come up for her vacation."

"Very well, my dear."

"Helen," said beautiful Velore, turning to me, "is my little adopted sister. She is sixteen now, but a little thing—a mere child—and is yet at school. She will like Westwold, I know."

"I hope she will come, then," I said; but I wondered, a little uneasily, how her appearance would affect my relations with Velore. Would she devote herself to the invalid, leaving Velore more open to my attentions? or would she appropriate her to my exclusion?

"There!" exclaimed Velore, suddenly "I see a white azalia in flower." And before I could anticipate the movement she had fled across the road and plunged to the recesses of the dark wood there.

"Shall I stay with you, Mr. Vere, or had I best follow her?" I asked, turning to the aged man at my side.

"I think she had rather you would remain with me," he answered, glancing nervously at a heavy country wagon that was then approaching the bridge. "She will take care of herself; but go, if you like."

"No," I said, giving him the support of my arm, as the wagon thundered over. "She is coming back already," I added, as the dust fell, and showed Velore, in her picturesque dress, emerging from the twinkling birch shrubbery. She came up—pale, agitated, *distrait*.

"Velore, what is the matter?" asked her father.

"Has anything happened to alarm you, Miss Vere?" I questioned, hurriedly.

"I am not frightened," she answered, hastily drawing her father's hand within her arm. "Come, we must go. It is getting far too late for you to be out, dear papa."

"And you did not get your azalia," he said.

"No," she replied; "but never mind. I can get it another time."

Mentally making a note of the spot, I resolved to see her safely home with her father, and then return for the flowers. The moon was in the right quarter to come up brilliantly at eight o'clock. I could gather the large white clusters of bloom easily by its light.

As we came in sight of the hotel, Velore said in a thoughtful tone:

"Mr. Derford, how long have you known Mr. Sloewick?"

"Only since last spring," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, then she said:

"He seems to me to have grown very singular."

"Others have remarked it," I replied, "but I have made his acquaintance so lately"—

She interrupted me with a slightly excited manner.

"He used to be a gay, frank fellow. He is like—he is like"— She hesitated, then concluded with a gesture of abhorrence—"a *ghoul!*"

I looked at her with surprise. She said no more. She was silent until she reached the hotel. Then going with her father to their rooms, she bade me good night in her usual manner.

When she had gone, I turned instantly back toward the bridge. The moon was coming up round and full. The air blew in my face dense and dewy. I walked rapidly up to the road, and hurriedly entered the wood.

The light fell in broken patches through the branches upon the shrubs of flowering clusters, deliciously fragrant in the dew. As I rapidly broke the brittle stems I started at sound of bushes crackling behind me. Turning I saw the dark figure of a man gliding off through the trees.

"Some poor tramp taking a night's rest here. I have disturbed him," I thought. My hands were already full of the lavish bloom, and I turned away.

The next morning I presented the flowers to Velore.

"What! Did you get them there?" was her first exclamation.

"Yes, I went back last night."

"How kind and thoughtful of you. But, Mr. Derford, did you see no one?"

"No; all was as quiet and beautiful as a scene of enchantment. Yes," I interrupted myself. "An old straggler stole off through the bushes as I was gathering the flowers."

I saw her shudder as she turned away.

Four days later little Helen Vere came. She was a petite thing, but very pretty, with a torrent of bronze-brown curls that almost enveloped her dainty figure.

I could not but notice that at this time Sloewick was so moody as to be almost uncivil. And he seemed to regard me with a furtive dislike—I who had always wished to be his friend—that made me most uncomfortable. I had no feeling for him but one of pity. I thought him ailing, unhappy. I would have rendered him any relief in my power. So I said to Velore. She turned very pale, appeared about to tell me something, but stopped.

"Did you ever think," she said, after a moment, "that he might not be quite—quite sane?"

"No indeed!" I answered. "Oh, that is quite impossible."

She heard me eagerly.

"I am glad you think so," she said.

At dinner she was missing. Mr. Vere was petulant. "Where could Velore be? He would not dine without her." But Helen and I coaxed him to his place at table, and she did her best to take her sister's place.

It was strange what had become of her. Singularly enough she had gone to walk alone at about eleven o'clock during the forenoon.

Making only a feint of dinner, yet doing that that old Mr. Vere might not have his anxiety increased by perceiving mine, I set forth to find her.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was gliding toward the west. Velore had been gone nearly all day. As time passed, her absence began to have a terrifying significance.

"Keep Mr. Vere quiet, if possible," I said to Helen, who showed a womanly composure I had hardly expected under the circumstances. But there was a strained, absent look in her eyes that filled me with compassion. "I will get out some men, and scour the whole neighborhood before nightfall. She will surely be found."

But it was nearly dark before I could get efficient help. About seven o'clock, however, three men rode away in different directions, while I took the road to the bridge on foot.

A thunder storm was coming up; it was almost dark. The lightning that cleft the heavy purple of the sky was sharp and zigzag.

I had nearly reached the bridge. The thunder clouds gathered so thickly in the sky that almost night-darkness enveloped me. I hurried on, but stopped upon the bridge, with a hand on the railing. In spite of the rattle of the now fast descending rain, I could hear the soft gliding of the water that I could hardly see, and I fancied there was an ominous significance in that almost inaudible flow. I listened, shuddering at the loneliness, and straining my frowning gaze into the black tide.

A savage clutch—fast, furious blows raining upon my defenseless head, into my eyes, upon my gasping mouth! I was down, and beaten blind and deaf before I could make a stroke of resistance, so powerful and overwhelming was the attack.

I can seem to see what I never knew—my enemy raising my passive body, and casting it over the railing of the bridge into the water, the lightning playing over us, and the solitude of nature around.

I came to my senses making half effectual efforts to swim. Having been an adept at swimming from a child, I think it was almost impossible to drown me, half dead as I was. I plunged about in a half-unconscious state for a while. At last, my senses clearing, I realized my situation, and struck out collectedly, but feebly, for the bank. When I crawled up the grassy slope I put my hand to my temples, which felt strangely, and found them slimy with my own warm clotting blood.

I stood for a while unable to tell which way to go, and still somewhat dazed. I did not even have the thought to fear the reappearance of my enemy. I only felt desperately the need of a place of rest and refuge, and unable to tell my location, stumbled blindly and dimly about in the darkness until a stroke of lightning showed me a winding path in the hillside leading to a road above.

I pulled myself up by the bushes, and by nervous excitement and sheer force of will, I worked my way back to the hotel. I staggered up to the door, pushed it open into the hall, and my first words were—had they found Velore?

The group who stood there talking cried out and recoiled. My face was like a horrible mask, literally covered with my blood. My clothing was wet, muddied and torn, and they told me afterward that my eyes glared like a wild man's.

I was very much excited, for I was in the first stages of brain disorder, and wandered restlessly about the rooms; but I recollect seeing Helen weeping and beseeching them to take care of me. A.l is as a dream from that time, but I was put to bed, and a physician sent for.

Not until I was entirely recovered, and able to leave my room, and then they were forced to it, did they tell me that the body of beautiful Velore had been found in the woods, near the bridge, utterly without life; and, when examined, discolored marks about the throat showed that she had been strangled to death.

This was six weeks later. The body had been taken to the Vere burial place, but her betrothed, a noble gentleman, the servants said, had come down to Westwold and taken charge of everything, though greatly racked with grief. Mr. Vere had been taken home very ill, and Helen had, of course, gone also.

My love dream had turned into a horrible nightmare, and ended in an awful reality.

A year passed. As was natural, the first sharp shock of this most painful experience had worn off. More immediate occurrences occupied my thoughts, but I could never recall that fatal time without a shudder.

One night, at a sacred concert, I saw the face of Helen Vere. It was more beautiful than ever, matured by the chastening influence of suffering. She was dressed in deep mourning, and by her side sat a man of peculiar elegance and dignity.

As I watched Helen Vere a sharp jealousy of her companion's attentions stole over me. There seemed between them, to my attentive eyes, a familiarity and a close sympathy. I saw her slip her little black gloved hand within his; I observed when she grew weary that he supported her.

When the concert was ended I hastened to approach them. Helen seemed startled and agitated by my appearance, but gave me her hand and introduced me to Mr. Alfred Sutton. A few words aside informed me that this was Velore's betrothed.

She urged me to visit her. I did so. Her father was dead. She lived in her beautiful house alone. How greatly she had changed from the gay little schoolgirl of his memory was my first thought. She had lost all the abandon of girlhood, even the bloom, but she was very lovely, and as I watched her a new pang of jealousy of Mr. Alfred Sutton rose in my breast.

But in a little while I understood her better. Her feeling for her sister's betrothed husband was only sisterly; his love for her only brotherly. Carefully, tenderly I sought and won her.

Six months after our marriage a gentleman came in a carriage to my house, and asked to see me alone. I conducted him to the library, and closed the door.

He was a man of polished address, and evidently of strong character. He introduced himself as Dr. Vaux of the private insane asylum at Hillside. At this announcement I felt a slight consternation and bewilderment, that I think was apparent in my manner.

"About a year ago," said he, after some preliminaries, "I received a patient whose name may not be unknown to you—Mr. George Sloewick."

"Good Heavens!" I cried.

"You know him?"

"I have known him very well."

"Yes. He was placed in my care by his father; pronounced insane by his family physician. I have given his case the best care and particular attention, but he is incurable. At present his physical strength is fast failing; in short, I fear he is dying. But as life fails reason returns, and as I now consider his state perfectly natural, and his reason lucid, I feel required to treat his wishes with indulgence. He desires to see you, and I have come for you."

I rose and began looking for my hat. When a servant had brought it, I followed Dr. Vaux to his carriage.

I was too confused to observe what course we took. I only realized, with a sudden thrill, that we stopped at last before the portals of the asylum. My companion gave me some refreshment, for I was, I confess, very nervous, and then I followed him through several light, pleasant corridors to the door.

"Is he quite prepared to see me?" I asked.

"He is waiting," was the reply.

I was ushered into a chamber of moderate size. The light was subdued. A woman stood at the side of a bed fanning the ghastly face among the pillows. The head was shaven, the cheeks deeply fallen; I never should have known George Sloewick, not even by his voice.

"Come close," he said, in a strained whisper, motioning me to the bedside.

Dr. Vaux placed a chair for me, and stood with his hand upon my shoulder.

"I can talk only a moment," said Sloewick, with a painful effort. "I killed her—I killed Velore Vere. You see I had money hid there under a chestnut tree, all the money I could get. My dog saw me bury it. He was a sagacious brute. He dug it up, and I killed him for it. I was burying him near the spot, and I was all marked with his blood, you know, when she came and saw me. I thought she saw all, for there lay the bags of money as the dog had pawed them out of the dirt. It was all the hiding place I had; I thought she would tell, and I determined to kill her. Perhaps, after all, she did not see the money; I don't know; but I pretended sick the next day, and told her that I was in great trouble, and wanted to talk with her. She promised to meet me near the bridge. She came. I strangled her. Then I hid all day in the woods. At night I heard you calling her. I stole out, and tried to kill you too; I thought I had. Then I ran away and got safe to the city. No one ever suspected me.

"You see I'm dying now. Don't let any innocent man suffer for what I did. The money is there now under the chestnut tree. You will know it, because it is splashed with Sultan's blood."

He stopped here. He evidently wished to say more, but was unable. The doctor started forward and raised him to a sitting position. When he l id him down he was dead.

As Sloewick had said, the money—some five thousand dollars—was found; but no one appropriated it, and it was donated to a charitable institution.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

The Most Remarkable Engineering Feat in the World—A Mountain of Silver Estimated to Contain $600,000,000 to be Developed.

About a year and a half ago three important railroads which Henry Meiggs, the railway king, was building for the government of Peru were left unfinished, on account of the financial troubles of the republic, and the exhausting of Mr. Meiggs' own private fortune. Within a few months, however, Mr. Meiggs has obtained a new contract to go on and complete these roads for the government, and the work will commence this month. The most important of these roads begins at Callao on the coast, runs up to Lima, seven miles distant, and then strikes boldly in among the wildest and most tremendous mountains of the globe, toward Oroya and Cerro de Pasco. It is intended to pierce the two Cordilleras and eventually descend on the eastern side and reach the navigable waters of the Ucayali, the source of the Amazon. Starting from the sea, the road ascends the narrow valley of the Rimac, rising the first forty-six miles nearly 5,000 feet. Then it threads the increasingly intricate gorges of the Sierra (a winding, giddy pathway along the edge of precipices and over bridges that seem suspended in the air), tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet, the most elevated spot in the world where a pistonrod is moved by steam, and ends at Oroya, 12,178 feet above the Pacific. The wonder is doubled by remembering that this great elevation is reached in seventy-eight miles. Between the coast and the summit there is not an inch of down grade. The difficulties encountered in its construction are without parallel. The valley narrows to a ravine, and then to a gorge, till the closing mountains fairly overhang the Rimac. So that in forcing the railway up the Cordilleras the engineers have literally threaded the mountains by a series of sixty-three tunnels, whose aggregate length is 21,000 feet. The great tunnel of Galera, by which the locomotive is taken over the Andes, is 3,850 feet long.

The most extraordinary part of Mr. Meiggs' contract is that which refers to the Cerro de Pasco mines. In effect it places the whole mountain under the control of Mr. Meiggs and the company representing him, and authorizes him to develop its immense resources. In consideration of payments which he is placed under contract to make, he is given the ownership of all the mountain which is not now being actively worked, and he is authorized to bargain for the rest of it, on condition that he shall pay the miners twenty-five per cent. of all the ore he takes out of their mines.

The Cerro de Pasco mines are already well known, at least by name. At this point two veins intersect each other like the rays of a St. Andrew's cross. Cerro de Pasco is the intersection. Unlike the North American mines, the formation at this intersection is not in the shape of two seams, but it is a mountain of ore. Not a pound of rock in the hill is free from metal. The ore is not all equally rich, but it has been generally good, and the hill has been so thoroughly worked in places that portions have caved in and formed excavated craters. The horizontal area of the profitable mass of ore is one and one-quarter mile one way and seven-eighths of a mile the other, and a ground plan of it, showing the deep cuttings that have been made in the hill, looks like the map of an irregularly laid out city. The mountain was worked in the days of the Incas, and possibly a portion of the immense ransom paid to Pizarro for the unfortunate Atahualpa was taken from this spot. From the beginning of the Spanish occupation to the present time there have been taken out of the hill $500,000,000 worth of silver. The record of it is perfect. Latterly, owing to the inundation of the mines and the inaccessibility of the region to heavy machinery, the amount extracted has been only from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 a year.

It must be remembered that this silver region is at an immense altitude above the line even of hardy vegetation—a bleak, desolate wilderness of jumbled rocks. It has been impossible in the past, therefore, to carry up here the big engines and pumps necessary to keep on sinking shafts into the richer ore; and hundreds, like Mr. Pipchin, have broken their hearts in these Peruvian mines and abandoned their claims, while those still worked have been less profitable than they would have been could the water have been pumped out. The new railroad will allow heavy machinery to be brought up and set to work with all the best of modern appliances. It is not expected that any such deposit of pure metal will be found as in the Nevada mines, yet it is claimed that the ore below the water is rich and that the new tunnel will give access to a quantity of it estimated to contain $600,000,0000 of silver. At present this estimate may be considered problematical, for nothing is certainly known of the wealth that lies below the level of the water in the present mines. The Peruvian mineralogists claim, however, that the ore is rich, and as there is an immense body of it, a mountain of it, they believe themselves that their estimate is a correct one.

Do Toads Eat Bees.

M. Brunet states in *La Nature*, that that on going one day into his garden, just before a storm, he found the bees crowding into their hives. About fifty centimetres from the best hive there was a middle sized toad, which every now and again rose on his fore legs and made a dart with surprising quickness toward blades of grass. He was found to be devouring bees, which rested on the grass blades awaiting their chance to enter the hive. M. Brunet watched until twelve victims had been devoured; he expected the toad's voracity would be rewarded with a sting, but in vain. Objecting to further destruction, he seized the toad by one of his legs and carried him to a bed of cabbages thirty metres off, where he did do real service among the caterpillars, etc. Three days after this, on going out to the hives, he found the same toad (which was easily distinguishable) at its old work. M. Brunet let him swallow only three or four bees, then carried him fifty metres in another direction. Two days later the "wretch" was again found at his post, greedily devouring.

To Do Up Point Lace.

Fill a goblet, or any other glass dish, with cold soapsuds made of the best quality of washing soap; put in your lace and place in a strong sunlight for several hours, often squeezing the lace, and changing the water if it seems necessary; when bleached, rinse gently in three or four waters, and, if you wish it ecru or yellowish white, dip it into a weak solution of clear cold coffee liquid; if you desire to stiffen it slightly, dip it into a very thin starch; provide yourself with a paper of fine needles, recall the form and looks of the collar when first purchased; take a good pincushion, arrange your collar in the right form, and gently pick into place, and secure with the needles every point and figure in the lace as it was when first purchased; leave it to dry, and press either between the leaves of a heavy book or lay between two pieces of flannel and pass a heated iron over it. Applique lace can be nicely washed by first sewing it carefully, right side down, to a piece of woolen flannel; wash, stiffen slightly, and press before removing from the flannel.

An Ex-Governor's Adventure.

Ex-Governor Henderson, of Texas, is an old man and a paralytic. His daughter was out riding with him near Galveston; they lost their route and finally found themselves in a wilderness at night, their horse worn out with fatigue, and the ex-governor scarcely able to walk at all. One night they passed in the carriage and another under a tree, the daughter in the day time searching for some way out of the wood. At last, on the third day, a Sunday, in the forenoon she heard a cow bell ring. Passing up a creek she found a negro cottage and an old man showed them the path to a sawmill, where they met a party of thirteen persons who were looking for them.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

A portion of the roof of the New York postoffice fell in, killing three men who were at work there at the time and wounding two more..... The Turks have captured two Roumanian vessels of war. A telegram says the Turks were driven back before Kars. A Pera telegram gives the following account of Hobart Pasha's running the blockade at Galatz in the steamer Bethymo: "The admiral left Rustchuk at night. On arriving at Galatz, which was guarded by torpedoes and heavy batteries commanding the river, the lights on the steamer had been extinguished, but a rocket from the Roumanian shore showed that Hobart Pasha's approach was discovered and apprised the Muscovite gunners. On his coming abreast of the batteries the heavy guns began to fire, but the Bethymo was run so close in shore that the gunners were unable to depress their pieces fast enough to get good aim. The admiral fired one shot only, and the Bethymo passed to the Black sea safely." A Herzegovian insurgent force attacked the Turkish vanguard near Nevesigne, killing fifteen..... On the first of May, which is known as "moving day" in New York, there was less change of residences than on previous years..... An engine jumped the track on a railroad in Chicago, and two men were killed and five seriously injured..... The Union banking company of Philadelphia has suspended..... Mrs. Sarah Hurd, of Weare, N. H., killed her ten-year-old boy with an ax while being bereft of reason..... The Delaware Railroad Hotel and three other buildings at South Orange, N. J., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $40,000..... Ex-President Grant was serenaded at Elizabeth, N. J. Gov. Hartranft of Pennsylvania, has issued warrants for the execution of five men in one day—June 21st..... The water power on the American side of Niagara Falls was sold to a Buffalo firm for $500,000, including all incumbrances, which amounted to $60,000.

A part of the village of Gouverneur, N. Y., was destroyed by fire..... The town of Bayazid, in Turkish Armenia, was abandoned by the Turkish garrison, and occupied by the Russians. A Turkish force near Kars was attacked by a Russian force, 40,000 strong. The Turks fought desperately, but the Russians, supported by heavy artillery, succeeded in dislodging them from their position. It is announced through Russian sources that most of the Turkish posts on the Asiatic frontier have surrendered without a blow..... John T. Daly, jr. the equal owner of the Windsor Hotel, New York—one of the largest hotels in that city—mysteriously disappeared.

John H. Baldwin, of high business and social standing in Baltimore, committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. Hereditary insanity prompted the act..... In Boston the case of Francis A. Perry against E. E. Porter for slander was begun, and attracted considerable attention..... The Genesee House, at Batavia, burned. Loss, $100,000..... Gov. Fairbanks, of Vermont, has respited John P. Phair until the first Friday in April, 1879..... A train containing William H. Vanderbilt and other prominent railroad men, traveled at the rate of 75 miles an hour, perhaps the fastest time ever made in America. At one time on the Canada Southern road, sixty miles were made in fifty-nine minutes..... Colonel John Forsyth, editor of the *Mobile Register*, died suddenly of heart disease..... Several measles have become epidemic at Annapolis, Md., and precautions have been taken to prevent the introduction of those diseases among the students of the naval academy there.....

A new process of tanning leather, for the introduction of Chinese laborers..... Duke Alexis visited the public institutions on Blackwell's Island, New York..... In a suit brought by a woman in Boston against a sugar refining company, for causing her husband's death, the plaintiff was awarded $1,250.

William P. Weyman, senior member of a large wholesale tobacco house in Pittsburgh, Pa., cut his throat with a razor a few days after the suspension of his firm..... Three men in Pennsylvania and one man in Ohio were killed by railroad disasters..... Fire was opened between the Russian batteries near Ibrail, on the Danube, and a Turkish monitor. The latter began to bombard Ibrail, but had fired twice only when it was set on fire by the Russian batteries and was compelled to withdraw. Nobody was killed and no damage was inflicted in Ibrail. Later reports of the battle of Kars say that the Russians took over one hundred prisoners..... A bank slide occurred in Canada, about one hundred miles east of that of Montreal, by which a number of persons lost their lives. Over an acre of land fell where the bank is eighty feet high, and a saw and grist mill and a dwelling house were buried, and the course of the stream was turned. Even within a hardly recognizable condition were recovered..... The town of Tenafly, N. J., was partly destroyed by fire..... At the temperance revival in Middletown, N. Y., about eleven hundred persons have signed the pledge.

A fire at Ottawa, Ill., about $35,000 was incurred by the burning of several buildings in New Hamburg, N. Y..... The New York canal board have adopted a resolution continuing the toll sheets of last year until further orders..... A severe shock of an earthquake was felt in Oshawa, Canada..... Four men were buried by the caving in of a cellar in a new building at Fall River, Mass., and one man was killed and three were seriously injured..... A number of miners and strikers at the works of the Schuylkill anthracite fuel company, near Rondout, N. Y., were arrested..... Dispatches from Illinois report heavy frosts and great damage to fruits in the central and northern parts of the State.

Turkish accounts of the engagement before Kars say the Russians lost 7,000 men. The Porte has relinquished its intention of expelling all Russian subjects from Turkey. A combat has taken place on the Danube between Russian batteries and a Turkish gunboat..... The extra session of Congress will be postponed until October..... Bids for Indian supplies will be opened in New York. Supplies to the amount of $2,500,000 will be required..... A huge petition has been circulating in New York relative to the legislature for a permanent board of education independent of the city departments..... The second caisson of the bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie has been successfully launched..... The Presbytery of Quito has found the Rev. John Miller guilty of heresy, and suspended him until he retracts his unorthodox utterances..... The archbishop of Quito was poisoned at mass by the introduction of strychnine into the wine used during the ceremony..... In Williamsburgh, N. Y., a schoolboy of thirteen, who had been drenched with cold water by his playmates, was taken with typhoid fever and died..... A Chinaman was hanged in San Francisco for the murder of another Chinaman..... It is reported that the Mormons will resist any attempt made by the United States federal authorities to arrest Brigham Young for complicity in the Mountain Meadow massacre..... Henry Sawyer, United States consul to Surinam, is dead..... The rush of emigrants to the Black Hills is unabated..... The Seventh cavalry, with eleven hundred men, has gone in search of Sitting Bull, who is supposed to be in the vicinity of the Yellowstone.

Gen. Grant declined to attend a reception of the New York Union League club on account of previous engagements..... The siege of Kars, in Asia Minor, has begun. The town is completely surrounded by Russian troops, and they have twenty-four siege guns in position. Kars is a strong fortress, and has several times repulsed Russian invaders in previous wars. It was besieged by the Russians and Turks jointly during the Crimean war. At present it contains a garrison of about 15,000 men. The town of Reni, on the river Danube, was bombarded by the Turks for three hours..... The President has issued a proclamation calling for an extra session of Congress on the fifteenth of next October..... Prince William Pitt Leleohaku, brother to the king of Hawaii, and heir apparent to the throne, is dead. The king's eldest sister has been appointed successor to the monarchy..... Telvin Smith, aged seventy, was burned to death while fighting forest fires on Long Island..... The Franklin cotton mill at Sandgate, Vt., was burned. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $10,000..... The four-year old daughter of a man in Milledgeville, Ga., accused him of murdering his wife..... The daughter of a wealthy real estate operator in New York named Morrison was secretly married to one Joseph Lopez, and the young lady's family have instituted legal proceedings against him, declaring that he is a notorious gambler known as "California Joe;" that he is the husband of two wives, and that he ruined the girl—who, they claim, is of unsound mind—for blackmailing purposes. Lopez denies these charges, and says all he wants is his wife, who has been sent away by her family..... The body of J. T. Daly, proprietor of the Windsor House in New York, who mysteriously disappeared some days previous to the discovery of his whereabouts, was found in a vacant building on Long Island. The body was suspended from the door of a room, and had a pistol wound in the right temple, indicating that Daly had committed suicide..... The captain of the steamship Sidonia, three engineers, two firemen and a coal passer were killed at sea by the bursting of the boiler..... A fire at Wallaceton, Pa., destroyed five million feet of lumber and a large quantity of shingles. Loss, $20,000; partially insured..... Crazy Horse and his band have surrendered to Gen. Crook.

Dispatches report the capitulation of Kars and the capture of 15,000 Turks by a Russian army of 50,000. The Russian force in Asia Minor are said to be moving on the important stronghold of Erzeroum, but the Turks are strongly fortified on the road to the town. Bechet, a town in Roumania, has been shelled by the Turks. A public meeting has been held in London to uphold Mr. Gladstone's course, and a great debate took place in the House of Commons, on the position to be taken by England in the war. Two Turkish gunboats attacked the Russian batteries below Galatz, on the Danube, dismounted them and drove back the Russians. Fifty Russian pontoons for bridging the Danube have been completed..... A young Chinaman named Wing Ching Foo, a graduate of Harvard College, lectured on Buddhism in New York..... During the first day that the ordinance in regard to dogs went into effect in New York 310 licenses were granted..... George H. Butler, a short time since appointed special agent of the post-office department for the Black Hills country, has been removed..... In New York a Society for the Suppression of Crime—whose main object will be the shutting up of corner liquor saloons—has been organized..... The king of Abyssinia has declared war against the khedive of Egypt..... All persons banished from Cuba for political crimes have been pardoned without reserve by a Spanish decree..... In Jersey City, N. J., the trial of a boy of sixteen, named Walsh, for the murder of a young man named Brown, aged eighteen, was begun.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says, "Why is it that editors never commit suicide?" The Burlington *Hawkeye* has investigated this subject a little, and thinks it is because the druggists won't sell strychnine on long time.

A BATTLE IN A JAIL.

Tragic Ending of an Old Feud in De Kalb, Miss.

Several years since, in De Kalb, Miss., Ben. Rush, a native white Republican, fired at John W. Gully, a Democrat, missing him, but killing his brother, Sam Gully. John thereupon fired, desperately wounding Rush, who finally recovered, since which, and previously, it is said, a deadly feud existed between them. Last December Gully was waylaid, shot and seriously wounded by Rush, so Gully said. Rush disappeared and has not been seen since. The assassination of Mr. Gully recently is believed to be his work. The tragic death of Mr. Gully, who was personally known to everybody, having once been sheriff, brought together many persons seeking information and to attend the funeral, which occurred several miles from De Kalb. At the funeral much excitement prevailed and it was with difficulty an orderly sepulture was had. On the same day, upon affidavits by divers parties, warrants were issued for the arrest of W. W. Chisolm, J. P. Gilmer, D. Rosenbaum and Hopper. The reported threats by Chisolm and Gilmer grew as they flew and inflamed the white people, who regarded them as almost public enemies. Gilman had just returned from jail in St. Louis, where he had been taken by requisition on several charges of fraud. Chisolm aided in making his bond there. Chisolm was arrested, and placed under guard at his residence in De Kalb. A crowd demanded that he should go to jail where he was accordingly taken, his wife, daughter and young son accompanying him inside. He retained a brace of revolvers. At his (Chisolm's) request guards] were stationed outside, and also in the hall upstairs where he was placed, the persons composing the guard being designated by himself. Six or eight of them were inside, armed with double barreled guns. Hopper was also arrested and placed in another part of the jail.

Then Gilmer, appearing on the street, was arrested and soon surrounded by a crowd, and seeing another crowd near the jail, and doubtless feeling fearful, he made a sudden effort to escape, dashing through the crowd and running, but as he was passing between two houses some persons in the crowd fired, killing him instantly. Rosenbaum, who was taken with Gilmer, was lodged in jail. At about three o'clock P.M several of the inside guards, becoming wearied, requested the sheriff to relieve them. He told each to bring the particular person named to relieve him. Four or five retired together, leaving their guns leaning against the wall. Directly several persons came up the stairway, as relief guards, of whom, it is thought, Dr. Dave Rosser, who was foremost, was one. Before the door could be secured behind them a crowd rushed in. Chisolm seized all the guns left by the guards, retired to the end of the hall and fired, killing Rosser. While in the act of firing a second shot, his young son John ran across in front of him, receiving the charge, which killed him instantly. Firing now became general and promiscuous. Chisolm's wife and daughter clung to him, the latter receiving a wound in the wrist. Chisolm himself fell desperately, and it is supposed mortally, wounded, but he still survives. One McClellan, an adherent of Chisolm, and one of the inside guards, who remained, somehow escaped from the building, but was killed immediately afterward. Virgil Gully, a nephew of John, the deceased, received a ball in the jaw and spat it out of his mouth. Several others were grazed with balls or had their clothes perforated. Hopper and Rosenbaum were not harmed. Chisolm, Gilmer and McClellan were white Republicans, Rosser and Virgil Gully Democrats.

Proclamation by the President.

The President has called for an extra session of Congress on October 15 in the following proclamation:

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—A PROCLAMATION:

Whereas the final adjournment of the Forty-fourth Congress, without making the usual appropriations for the support of the army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, presents an extraordinary occasion requiring the President to exercise the power vested in him by the Constitution to convene the houses of Congress in anticipation of the day fixed by law for their next meeting;

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do by virtue of the power to this end in me vested by the Constitution, convene both houses of Congress to assemble at their respective chambers at twelve o'clock noon, on Monday, the fifteenth day of October next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as in their wisdom, their duty and the welfare of the people may seem to demand.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord 1877, and the independence of the United States of America the 101st.

By the President—WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

R. B. HAYES.

A Blow at Polygamy.

The New York *Evening Post* says that judicial coquetry with the worst feature of Mormonism has come to an end with the decision given by Judge Schaffer in the case of Ann Eliza Young against Brigham Young. The court properly holds that the plaintiff is not entitled to a divorce because she never was married to the defendant. When the pretended marriage took place he was already married. The entertainment of the suit at all was a preposterous recognition of the lawfulness of polygamy. Such a legal assault upon that institution as the decision of the court will go far to put an end to its existence without a resort to violent measures.

He Didn't Know Beans.

He sat alone in her father's parlor, waiting for the fair one's appearance the other evening, when her little brother came cautiously into the room, and gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and earnestly inquired: "I say, mister, what's them?" "Those," replied the young man, solemnly taking up one in his fingers, "those are beans." "There!" shouted the boy, turning to his sister, who was just coming in, "I knew you lied. You said he didn't know beans; and he does too!" The young man's stay was not what you may call a prolonged one that night.

Five Thousand Books given Away for the Asking.

While Dr. H. James was attached to the British medical staff in the East Indies, his high position enabled him to call about him the best chemists, physicians and scientists of the day, and while experimenting with and among the natives, he accidentally made the discovery that CONSUMPTION can be positively and permanently CURED. During the many years of his sojourn there, he devoted his time to the treatment of lung diseases, and upon his retirement he left with us books and papers containing full particulars, showing that every one can be his own physician and prepare his own medicine, and such information as we have received we now offer to the public without price, only asking that each remit a three cent stamp for postage. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Information worth thousands to those out of health. Self-help for weak and nervous sufferers. Facts for those who have been dosed, drugged and quacked. The new Health Journal teaches all. Copies free. Address, Electric Quarterly, New York.

The *Times* says Dr. Walpole has lost his beautiful chestnut mare. She died suddenly in harness, it is supposed from bots or pin worms. If the doctor had used Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders he would, no doubt, have had his mare to-day—they are death to worms.

Dooley's Yeast Powder

Is prepared on scientific principles, and from ingredients that are the most effective and wholesome. It has received the highest encomiums for these merits from eminent chemists, scores of our best physicians, and thousands of intelligent cooks and housewives. The genuine can be had only in tin cans.

Smoke, Soot and Coal Gas,

And all worry with fires that will not burn, and where it is impossible to cook properly, can all be remedied and a saving in fuel obtained. Send stamp for circular. Henry Colford & Co., 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

If You are Bilious

Tone up your liver. Take Quirk's Irish Tea. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a package.

Portable or Composition Roofings.

There is probably no article of manufacture so universally needed as a reliable low priced roofing, which can be readily applied without the aid of skilled labor, and in no other direction has so great a want been so inefficiently supplied. The results of experiments with felts, cements and other compositions have so far been anything but satisfactory. Numerous so-called "cheap roofings" have been produced, advertised, used and found worthless. In view of these facts we are glad to be able to speak favorably of an article which, from our own knowledge and the testimony of some of the most extensive and best known manufacturers and merchants in this country, has proven a reliable and economical substitute for the more expensive kinds of roofing. We refer to H. W. Johns' Patent Asbestos Roofing, the manufacturers of which make no extravagant representations, but claim it to be the only reliable portable roofing in use, and from careful inquiry we believe their claims are well founded. This roofing is prepared ready for use, can be easily applied by unskilled workmen, is put in rolls containing 108 square feet, and the roofs in all climates, and when finished with the *white fire-proof coating* forms the lightest, handsomest and coolest roof in the world, costing only about half as much as tin. Samples, illustrated catalogues, price lists, and any desired information can be obtained from the H. W. Johns' Manufacturing Co., patentees and sole manufacturers, 87 Maiden Lane, New York. This company have recently completed a new manufactory, the most extensive works of the kind in the world, and have reduced their prices to a basis which place their goods within the reach of every one. They also manufacture liquid paints, all shades, which are guaranteed equal to any for covering qualities, and the most desirable and outside work of any paints in use. In body and richness of color the Asbestos Paints surpass any we have ever seen. Fire-proof paints, an economical substitute for white lead, costing only 75 cents per gallon, for the protection of factories, bridges and other wooden structures against fire, is also valuable for the class of outbuildings, fences, etc., which are usually allowed to go unpainted. Also fire-proof steam pipe and boiler coverings, steam packing, sheathings, linings, cements, etc., all of which can be relied upon as being in every respect as represented, and we advise our readers before purchasing paints or roofing, to send for samples of these articles and compare them with all others.

"The Age of Reason."

The boy that went to the mill on horseback, carrying the grist in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, when reproved by the miller, and told to divide the grist, replied that his father and grandfather had carried it that way, and he, being no better than they, should